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OUT AT SEA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Far on the deep mid-ocean tossed,
  Leagues away from the friendly shore,
In the watery wilderness lost,
  Driven and deafened by rush and roar,
Buffled by wind and wave are we;—
  What sweet home-spirits may there be
Sadly pondering on our wandering
  Wide and wearisome out at sea?

Lying here in my tossing bed,
  I dream of ruin, and rock, and wreck—
Hearing the slow, continuous tread
  Of the sailor who walks the deck,
Keeping his long watch patiently;
  Gentler watchers on shore there be;
Eyes which weep for us, leaving sleep for us,
  Fond watch keep for us out at sea!

In at the narrow window there
  Drifts the ocean-wind, wild and damp,
Frightening into flicker and flare
  The feeble flame of the swinging lamp;
Yet though lonesome and dark it be
  There are places where steadily
Faith's fires burn for us, true hearts mourn for us,
  Dear arms yearn for us out at sea!

Blinded and beaten by wind and foam,
  Hurled and tossed at the sea's command,
Sweet the thought that in some dear home,
  Steady and still on the solid land,
Where our hopes and our memories be
  Safely harbored from storm and sea,—
Love takes heed for us—love's lips plead for us—
  Love's prayers speed for us out at sea!

Night and darkness, and storm and clouds;
  Creak of cordage and shudder of sails;
Drifting drearily through the shrouds
  There is a murmur of mournful wails—
Dirges sung for the lost at sea,
  Where the tempest is fierce and free;—
Father, hear to us—bend Thine ear to us—
  Be Thou near to us out at sea!

Ship Mercury, at sea, Nov., 1859.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The New Heir.—Waiting for the Tide.

In the grand bed of state which Jane Chesney had lovingly chosen for her father, when the newly-taken house in Portland Place was being furnished, lay Eliza, Countess of Oakburn. There is an old saying, "After a wedding comes a burying," but it more frequently happens that after a wedding comes a christening. Buryings, however, do follow, all too surely, when their turn comes, and one was not far off from that house now.

It was the last week in September, and nearly twelve months had elapsed since the marriage of the earl. Two days only had the little fellow in the cradle seen the light—the young heir of Oakburn. Sitting close to the cradle, touching now and again the little red cheeks in it, and talking in a low tone with the countess, was Lucy Chesney.

"It is very good of you to let me come in, mamma. What shall his name be?"

They were thinking of the christening, you see.

"Francis, of course, Lucy."

"But I have heard papa say many a time that the heir to Oakburn should be John. It has been—oh, for ages, 'John, Earl of Oakburn.' I like Francis best, though."

"Papa shall decide," said Lady Oakburn.—"Lucy, I wish he could come to see the baby."

"I wish he could, too; but where's the use of wishing it, mamma? Especially to-day, when he is so much worse."

"Worse?" echoed the countess, in a startled tone, whilst an attendant, sitting in the room, raised her face with a warning gesture.

Lucy colored with contrition; she saw that she had spoken what ought not to have been said.

"Nurse, you told me the earl was better this morning!" cried the countess.

The woman rose.

"My lady, there was not much difference; better, if anything," she responded, endeavoring to put all evasion from her voice. "He is in pain, and that's why Lady Lucy may call him worse; but it's in the nature of gout to be painful."

"Go and inquire now how he is," commanded the countess.

And as the nurse left the room, Lady Oakburn beckoned Lucy. Lucy approached, and leaned over the bed, and the countess lifted her dark eyes to hers with a yearning expression, and took her hand.

"Lucy, tell me the truth, I ask you in your father's name. I see that he is worse, and they are keeping it from me; how much worse?"

Lucy stood in distress, not knowing what to do, and blaming herself for her incaution. The eyes of fear are quick, and Lady Oakburn saw her dilemma.

"Child," she continued, her emotion rising, "you remember the day, three months ago, when your papa was thrown from his horse in the park, and they sent on here an obscure account of the accident, so that we could not tell whether he was much or little hurt, whether he was alive or dead? Do you recollect that hour? All the dreadful suspense—how we prayed to know the worst, rather than be kept in it?"

"Oh, mamma," she interrupted, placing her hand on her eyes, as if she would shut out some unwelcome sight, "do not talk of it. I never could bear to think of it, but that papa came home, after all, only a little bruised.—That *was* suspense!"

"Lucy, dear child, you are keeping me in the same now," spoke the countess. "I cannot bear it; I can bear the certain evil, but not the suspense. Now tell me the truth."

Lucy thought she saw her way plain before her; anything was better than suspense, now that fear had been alarmed.

"I will tell you all, mamma; papa is worse, but I do not think he is so much worse as to cause uneasiness. I have often known him in as much pain as this before—before"—Lucy, in her delicacy of feeling, scarcely knew how to word the phrase—"before you came here."

At that moment the nurse entered, and Lady Lucy turned to her.

"I have told mamma the truth; she is better satisfied."

"Far better," murmured the countess.—"How is the earl now?"

"Well, my lady, he's neither one thing nor the other—not better and not worse," replied the attendant, who wore a cross look that her veto had been interfered with. "My Lady Lucy's too young to come into sick rooms—chattering!" she added, below her breath.

"Lucy, I rely upon you: if your papa becomes worse, you will let me know. Mind, I *rely* upon you. No," for Lucy was drawing promised."

"I do promise, mamma," and Lady Oakburn heaved a relieved sigh.

"Of course, all that's to be done now is to keep the earl's state from Lady Lucy as well as from my lady," observed the nurse to Miss Snow, later in the day. "A pretty thing to have *her* worrited; it might cost her her life."

They had met in one of the passages, and the woman was giving the governess an account of Lady Lucy's visit to her step-mother.

"Is the earl in danger?" quickly asked Miss Snow.

"He's in awful pain, if that's danger. I'm not a sick nurse, miss, only a monthly; but, if ever I saw gout in the stomach, he has got it."

"Why, that's certain death," uttered Miss Snow, in affright.

"Oh, no, it's not; not always. The worst sign, they say, is that all my lord's snappishness is gone out of him!"

"Who says so? who says it is?"

"The attendants. That black fellow does nothing but stand behind the bed and cry and sob. He'd like his master to rave at him as is customary."

Agonies of pain, awful pain, as the woman had said, lasted the earl through the night.—With the morning he was calmer, easier; nevertheless, three physicians went in to him.

"The ship's sinking," said the earl to them; "no more splicing of the timbers; they are rotten, and won't bear it."

The earl was right, and the doctors knew it, but they would not admit to him, in so many words, that he was dying. The earl, in his blunt way, blunt still, told them of their craftiness.

"It's all in your day's work, to go about deceiving people," cried he; "telling them they are getting their sea legs on again, while all the while you know that, before the next eight bells strike, they'll be gone down to Davy Jones's locker. It may be the right sort of steering for some patients, delicate women and children, but it's not for me, and you are a long way out of your reckoning."

The earl's voice grew faint, and they gave him some drops in a glass, and wiped his brow.

"I am an old sailor, sirs," he continued, "and I have turned in to my hammock night after night for the best part of my life, knowing there was but a plank between me and eternity. D'ye think, then, I have not *learnt* to face death—that you should be afraid to acknowledge it to me, now it's come? If I had not made up my accounts for my Maker before, there wouldn't be much time to do it in now. I have been headstrong and irritable in my tongue, but the Great Commander knows that poor Jack Tar acquires that in his hard life at sea; He looks to the heart, and He is merciful to a slip word or two. Pompey."

The man came forward and threw himself by the bedside, his whole attitude, his countenance expressing the keenest grief and love.

"Pompey, tell them, if I have made you fly at my voice, I have not been a bad master.—What sort of a master have I been?"

Poor Pompey! his wailing sobs nearly choked him as he lay and covered the earl's hand with his tears and kisses.

"Never a better massa! never a better massa! Pompey like to go with him."

"You'd keep it from me that my voyage is run, airs! We seamen have got a Saviour as well as you; He chose fishermen for His friends; d'ye think, then, He'd reject a poor knocked-about sailor, who goes to Him with his hat in his hand, and lays his sins at His feet? No; He'll steer our boat through the last quicksands, and be on shore to receive us, like He once received His fishermen, and had a fire of coals ready for them, and fish laid thereon, and bread; and that, after He had suffered. Never you be backward again in telling a tired sailor that he's nearing the port. Shall I last the day out?"

"More than that, they thought."

"One of you will send a despatch for my daughter, and—I suppose my wife cannot come to me."

The attendant of Lady Oakburn was in the room, one of those round the earl, and he pronounced it "Impossible." Neither must her ladyship be suffered to know of the danger; for a day or two, at all events, it must be kept from her, or he would not answer for the consequences. The young Lady Lucy must not be allowed to learn it, or she would carry the tidings.

The earl listened, and nodded his head.

"Very good."

As the doctors went out, they encountered Lucy. She was sitting on the stairs waiting for them, deeply anxious; seeing three doctors there the previous night, and three again now, alarmed her, although they had blandly assured her there was nothing to apprehend. She knew best the one who was attending Lady Oakburn, and she glided up to him, striving to speak calmly.

"Doctor James, how is papa?"

"Quite easy this morning, my dear."

"Why, then, are there three of you with him?"

"In the multitude of counsellors there is safety, you know," he replied, speaking facetiously to disarm her fears.

other. She could not get it out of her head that her father must be in danger; she never remembered so many medical men assembled in the house together.

"Please to tell me the truth; I am afraid he is worse. I must know, because mamma depends upon me to tell her."

"Just so," said Doctor James, glancing at his two brethren. "Worse? when I tell you the pain has almost left him! You are unreasonable, Lady Lucy."

"Has the pain really left him?" she returned, clasping her hands. "If I could but go in and see him!"

"So you may," said Doctor James. "Just for one minute."

Lucy was in an ecstasy; in a still greater ecstasy when she entered and found the pain *had* gone. It never occurred to Lucy Chesney to associate danger with the sudden cessation of that pain. How should it? Gout had never penetrated to the stomach of the earl before, and Lucy knew nothing of the signs. The earl stroked her head and kissed her, and told her to take a kiss to mamma and to the "young blue-jacket," and to say that his voyage was going on to a prosperous end. Then, remindful of what the medical men had said about its being kept from his wife, or it might cost her her life, and afraid of a slip word on his own part, he dismissed her, telling her he was to remain very quiet all day. Lucy flew to the countess's chamber, encountering the angry nurse at the door, who looked ready for a pitched battle.

"It's quite impossible, my lady."

"Only for one minute, nurse," she pleaded, "just to tell how much better papa is. It will so comfort her, and I won't wake the baby."

"Better?" repeated the nurse, with a searching glance.

She doubted whether the child spoke in good faith, or whether it might not be a stratagem to get in; she did not know Lucy Chesney. But as she saw the radiant look that beamed from Lucy's face, she doubted no longer; the child was, herself, deceived.

"Gently then, my lady; don't talk too loud, please."

"I have come to give you good news, mamma," whispered Lucy. "Papa is so much better; the pain has nearly gone, and Doctor James let me go in. Papa calls the baby young blue-jacket, and sent him a kiss, and one to you also, mamma; and he bade me say that his voyage was going on to a prosperous ending."

"Oh, I am so thankful!" breathed the countess. "I had made up my mind, whether or not, to get up to-day and see him; but there may now be no necessity."

"The nurse would not have allowed you, mamma."

Lady Oakburn smiled.

"I am mistress, still, Lucy, dear, though I am ill. Has Doctor James left without coming to see me?"

"He has not left. He is shut up in the drawing-room with the other two doctors."

"Doctors," repeated Lady Oakburn, her quick alarm catching the ominous sound. "Have there been three doctors to him, Lucy? Then he must be worse instead of better."

"The third came with them last night; I suppose because papa was in such pain; perhaps he came again this morning, not knowing he was better. Here is Doctor James, mamma."

Lady Oakburn was left alone with her physician. She inquired eagerly after her husband, and why an additional medical man had been called. His answers were full of suavity, giving ease to her mind; but imparting no idea that the earl was dying; indeed Lady Oakburn rather gathered from them that he might be taking a renewed lease of life.

That same morning Lady Jane Chesney was at breakfast. She was up and dressed, but was taking it in her own bedroom which she occasionally did, when not feeling very strong. Her seat was near the window at the front of the house, and she saw a boy, dressed in a sort of uniform, approach it with a letter in his hand. Judith came up with it.

"A telegraphic despatch, my lady. The receipt for it must be signed, if you please, the boy says."

Lady Jane was flurried. She had never received a telegraphic despatch; had never, so far as she remembered, seen one. Judith had, and she showed her where to sign the bit of paper. Judith then took it down to the boy, and returned to her mistress.

Misfortunes never come from the quarter they are looked for, is a saying that obtains credence, for it is a very true one. Lady Jane's mind had flown to a conviction that the despatch must contain news of her sister Clarice; bad news she feared; people are apt to associate a telegraphic message with unwelcome tidings. Judith found that her fingers were trembling, her lips pale, and that the letter lay unsealed at her side.

"Do you feel ill, my lady?"

"I am afraid, Judith. It may contain bad news, and I shrink from opening it."

"Nay, now," said Judith, "not bad, my lady. I know what I should think it is."

"What!" returned Lady Jane, looking at her in surprise.

"It was known there was a young heir expected, my lady: perhaps it's born. At any rate, a child of some sort."

The colour came again to Lady Jane's face, and recollection to her mind. Of course it was that: how had she been so oblivious? Clarice? No: no chance of its being from poor Clarice; she seemed lost for good. With fingers that burnt—burnt at the thought of who the young heir's mother was, and who she had been, Jane Chesney tore open the despatch.

"London, Half-past Eight, A. M.

"Richard James, M. D., to the Lady Jane Chesney.

"The Earl of Oakburn is dangerously ill. Come at once, if you would see him alive. He says, Bring Lady Laura."

The despatch fell from her hand, and she burst into tears. All her old affection for her father had come back again in that one moment.

What was to be thought of first? Lady Jane took a minute for reflection, and then her plans were formed. She wrote a line in pencil to Laura, explaining what it was, and telling her she would call for her in a fly. The servant was to leave the note at Mr. Carlyon's, and then go on to the Red Lion, get the fly, and come back in it. Meanwhile, Lady Jane and Judith prepared themselves, and were ready when the fly came. Lady Jane got in, and they drove to her sister's. Mr. Carlyon came forth.

Lady Jane bowed coldly, but vouchsafed no other greeting to him in words.

"Is Lady Laura not ready?" she asked.

"Laura is absent," he replied. "The twisted note you sent in was not sealed, and I opened it. She is gone to spend a few days with the Mardens, at Pembury."

Lady Jane was rather at a nonplus.

"Can she be telegraphed to? She ought to go up to town, if possible; she would wish it herself."

"Certainly. It shall be done immediately," said Mr. Carlyon.

Lady Jane had given the signal to drive on, when a thought occurred to her.

"As I am going now to Great Wennock station, I may as well telegraph to her myself. Some one must go there to do it."

"Thank you," returned Mr. Carlyon, "if you will take the trouble."

"Trouble!" echoed Lady Jane. "Oblige me with Colonel Marden's address."

He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote it rapidly down. She took it from him as rapidly; every moment of delay seemed to her a moment lost; and bowed to Mr. Carlyon.

"Good morning."

"Good morning, Lady Jane. I sincerely hope you will find the earl better on your arrival."

A hasty journey to the station; a hasty telegraphic message, despatched to Lady Laura Carlyon at Col. Marden's, and Lady Jane and Judith were seated in the ten o'clock express train, whirling away towards London.

They reached Portland Place early in the afternoon. A change for the worse had taken place in the earl, and he was rapidly sinking. Lady Jane was shown immediately to his chamber. She remembered the large, handsome bed-room which had been his, and was turning to it of her own accord.

"Not there, my lady," whispered the servant: "higher up."

"*Higher up?*" repeated Lady Jane, with displeased emphasis.

"The countess is lying in that room. My lord is up stairs."

Jane resented the news in her heart. *He* to be put out of his room for a Miss Lethwait! The words seemed to imply that she was ill, but she would not inquire. In the corridor, Lucy (who, in spite of Miss Snow, had not been quite cured of her propensity for looking over balustrades,) flew up to her, in delight and surprise.

"Oh, Jane!" she uttered, clinging round her neck, "is it really you? How came you to come?"

Miss Snow would have found fault with the wording of the sentence. Jane only clasped her sister.

"I have come to see papa, Lucy. Is there no hope?"

"No hope! Why, Jane, he is as much better as he can be. He is nearly well. The pain is almost gone, and you know he always got well as soon as the pain left him."

Jane was staggered. The message had been ominous: the servant, now showing her up, had just told her there was no hope: what, then, did Lucy mean? But Dr. James was standing beside them, having emerged from the earl's room. He heard Lucy's words, and saw Jane's perplexed countenance. He hastened to interfere, willing to prevent any inexpedient explanation.

"Lady Jane Chesney, I presume. But—allow me a moment, Lady Lucy: this is against orders. You were not to come to this corridor at all to-day: the earl must not be disturbed."

"Oh, Dr. James! I was obliged just to come when I saw my sister. But I'll go back to Miss Snow now. Jane, you will come in to the study when you have seen papa."

Jane promised.

"Oh, and Jane, there's a new baby. Do you know it? He is such a darling little fellow, and papa calls him young blue-jacket. He is three days old."

"Is there?" responded Jane, and Lucy went back again. Jane turned inquiringly to the physician.

"The earl, I grieve to say, is sinking," he whispered. "We keep the fact from the child, that it may not reach the ears of the countess: she would go immediately and tell her."

"*Is it right to keep it from the countess?*" asked Jane, her tone, as she put the question, betraying that she thought it was wrong.

Dr. James heaved up his physicianly hands and eyes.

"Right to keep it from her, Lady Jane! I would not that it should get to her for the world, in her present state of health: we don't know what the consequences might be. My reputation is at stake, my lady."

Jane bowed her head, and entered her father's room. The earl lay with his eyes closed, breathing heavily. Death was on his face: Lady Jane saw that at the first glance. The slight movement she made caused him to open them: a joyful ray of gladness flashed into his countenance, and he feebly put out his hand. Jane sank down on her knees, and burst into a wailing flood of tears as she clasped it.

"Oh, father, father!"

Who can tell how bitter was that moment to Jane Chesney? In spite of the marriage and the new wife, in spite of the estrangement and the separation, she had unconsciously nourished a secret hope, unacknowledged to herself openly, but not the less dear to her heart, that she and her father should be brought together again; that she should still be his dear daughter, living in the sunshine of his presence, ministering to his comfort, as of old. How it was to be brought about, she never glanced at; but the hope, the prospect, had not been less cherished. And now—there he lay, but a few hours of life left to him! Had Jane's heart not broken before, it would have broken then.

"The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun.
And thus the heart will break, but brokenly live on."

Her head was bowed over him, and she allowed a few moments for the indulgence of her anguish. Her bonnet was off, and Lord Oakburn stretched over his other hand, and laid it fondly on her hair.

"Don't fret, Jane. We must all make the port at last."

"Oh, father, father!" she repeated, in agony, "is there no hope?"

"Not in this ship, Jane. But I'm going into a better one; one not made with human hands, child; one where the pumps don't get leaky, nor the timbers rotten. My voyage is run out, Jane."

She sobbed piteously; she scarcely knew how to bear the hour's trial.

"Father, are we to part thus, having been estranged? Oh, father, forgive me for my rebellion: forgive me for all the grief I may have caused you; but I could not endure to feel nothing to you, to be a cipher in your home."

"Child, what do you mean? You have not been rebellious to me; you must go to Laura for that. It did hurt you, Jane, I know, and I was vexed when I had done it; but you see, child, I wanted to have a direct heir; and now he is born. Forgive me, Jane, for the pain I caused you, but don't you ask forgiveness of me; you, my dutiful child, who have ever been ready to put your hands under my feet. I might have set about it in a more ship-shape manner, have taken you into my counsels, and made it pleasant for all sides, and I wish I had. She has been a good wife to me, Jane; and she respects you, and would love you, if you'd let her."

Jane did not answer. An attendant opened the door to see if anything might be wanted, but was waved away again.

"So, Laura would not come, Jane?"

"She could not; she was at Pembury. She is telegraphed for, and may be here by the next train."

"Does he make her a good husband?"

"I think so; I hear nothing to the contrary. I do not go there," replied Jane, striving to subdue her aching heart, so as to speak calmly.

"And now, Jane, where's Clarice? In this, my death hour, she is more anxiously present to me than any of you. Has any harm come to her?"

"Father, I don't know where she is; I cannot think. Sometimes I fear that harm must have come to her."

"In what shape?" asked the earl.

"Nay, how can I tell? Then again, I reason that she must be abroad; but the thought of her has become to me a wearing care."

"However it may be, I can do nothing," panted the peer, "but mind, Jane, I leave her to you. Spare no exertions to discover her; make it your object in life, until it is accomplished. The port you must keep in view in your steering. And when you have found her, been able to leave her, and tell her I have not done what I could. I well off, but I have home, Jane, if she will not will give her a mother!" to her step-

"As long as I have one, father."

"Yours is secured, such as it is, Lucy—"

The earl's voice had been growing weaker, and now ceased altogether. Lady Jane opened the door, and beckoned in the attendants, whom she found waiting outside.

"Oh, missee! oh, missee!" wept poor Pompey, likewise pressing forward. "massa never get up no more!"

He appeared to have sunk into a sort of stupor; they could scarcely tell whether it was stupor or sleep. When the medical man paid their next visit, they said he might go off in it, or might rally from it for a time. Jane sat in the room; she could not leave him; and thus the day passed on.

Passed on without bringing Laura. Jane wondered much. *Would* she not come—as the earl had fancied? She listened intently, her ear being alive to every sound. Lucy stole repeatedly to the chamber-door, and Jane went out to her once, and told her she would visit her in the study on the morrow.

The medical men had been in and out, but the dying man still lay as he was, and gave no token. It grew dark, and the nurse brought in the night-lamp. Jane was watching her arrange it, watching her mechanically, when a voice was heard from the bed.

"Jane."

It was her father's; he had roused up to consciousness; it almost seemed to strength, for the voice was firm, and the sight and sense seemed clear. Jane put a few tea-spoonfuls of jelly within his lips.

"Jane, I think I have seen the country on the other side. It's better than Canaan was; and the rivers are like crystal, and the flowers on the banks are bright. I am nearly there, Jane; just a narrow isthmus to battle through first, which looks dark; but the darkness is nothing, for I can see the light beyond it."

Jane's tears fell on the bed-clothes. She could not trust her voice to answer, and the earl was silent for a time.

"Such a great big ship, Jane," he began again, "big enough to hold all the people in the world; and those who get into her are at rest for ever. No more cold watches to keep in the dark night, no more shifting sails, to alter her tack—no more struggles with the storm and hurricane; the Great Commander does it all for us. You'll all come to me there, Jane; I am but going on, a short while first."

"Yes," Jane softly whispered through her sobs, "to be together in bliss for ever and ever."

"Where's Clarice?" he suddenly exclaimed. "Is she not come?"

Jane had little doubt that he meant Laura.

"We did not expect Clarice," she said, "and Laura is not here yet."

"Jane, perhaps Clarice is gone into the beautiful ship, before me. I may find her there."

"I don't know," Jane faintly answered. "Father, if—if Laura cannot be here in time, you will leave her your forgiveness?"

"It's left to her. You may give it her again; my love and my full forgiveness. But she might have come for it. Perhaps he would not let her, Jane."

"You forget," she murmured; "Laura was not at home, and he could not prevent her. Why should he wish to? I do not think he would."

"Tell Laura, I forgive him, too; and I hope he may get into the ship with the rest of us. But, Jane, I cannot like him; I never did. When Laura finds herself upon the quicksands, do you shelter her; she'll have nobody else to do it."

A slight sound upon the muffled knocker, which Jane's quick ear caught. She hoped it was Laura, but it was only one of the phy-

sicians. After his departure, Lord Oakburn again lay quiet, and the hours went on. Ten o'clock struck, but Laura had not arrived.

Once more the earl started up as before.

"Eliza, what's the time?"

Jane looked at his watch, which was hanging up.

"Five minutes past ten."

"Oh, it's you, Jane," he said, with a sort of gladness that it was her, which found its echo in Jane's heart; and he feebly put out his hand in search of hers. "My own Jane! with me at last! She doesn't know how I have missed her."

The last sentence appeared to be spoken as if he were oblivious of her presence, in that treachery of memory frequently attending the dying: and there was a second glad echo within her.

"I am not in there yet, Jane, and the passage seems long. But there the ship is—what a sight! with her spars and her white sails. They are silvered over, and the spars are as glass, and the ship herself is gold. But it seems long. How's the tide?"

His voice had grown so indistinct that Jane had to bend down to listen, but the last question was spoken in a clear and anxious tone. She gave some soothing answer, not supposing that he meant the tide of reality—the matter-of-fact "high water at London Bridge" of the living, moving world.

"The tide, Jane, the tide!" he continued, pointing with his finger to his own nautical almanac, which lay on his dressing-table. Jane rose and fetched the book.

"The tide is coming in, father," she said, after finding the place. "It will be high water at eleven o'clock."

"Ay. Ay. That's what I am waiting for. I couldn't depart against the tide, Jane: I am going out with the tide."

Jane put the book back, and resumed her post by him.

"Give my love to my wife, Jane, and tell her I wish I could have seen her, but the doctors wouldn't let it on no. And, Jane, you'll love my little son?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a sobbing sigh.

"And you'll come here sometimes when I am gone: you'll come to see Lucy."

"Oh, father!" uttered Lady Jane, in a tone of startled pain, "you surely have not sent her away from me?"

The earl half opened his dim eyes.

"What?"

"You have not left the guardianship of Lucy breathlessly continued to any one but I have brought her up from Jane. "I have been to her a second mother—you could not leave her away from me?"

He was evidently troubled, insensible as he had nearly become to earthly things.

"I did not think, Jane; when I made my will, I did not think—" his voice sunk and Jane could not catch it.

"It's getting dark," he resumed, later, "come closer to me, Jane. Don't you see the ship? she's riding at anchor, while she waits. Look at her, Jane, how bright she is; never mind its being dark here. The banks are green, and the flowers brilliant, and the clouds are of rose-color. And there, there's the Captain! there He is! Oh, Jane, shut your eyes, you cannot look upon His brightness. He is beckoning to me; I told you He would not reject a poor weather-beaten sailor. Yes, yes, I am coming; never mind the darkness: we shall soon be in the light."

He said no more, but lay quietly. The tide turned at eleven to go out, and the spirit of Francis, thirteenth Earl of Oakburn, went out with it.

One of the servants left the room to make known the event to the household below, and in the same moment Lady Laura Carlyon, so anxiously looked for, arrived. It turned out that when the telegraphic despatch reached Colonel Marden's, she and the family had just departed on a day's excursion to some distant ruins. It was given to her when she returned home, but that was not till five in the evening; she lost no time in coming then.

Laura was of an impetuous nature, and the instant the door was opened to her, she ran up the stairs, trusting to instinct to find her father's bed room. In the corridor of the first floor, close to the countess's chambers, she encountered the servant, who had just left it. "How is my father?" she then uttered.

"My lady, he is dead," replied the woman, guessing with accuracy who the inquirer was. "The breath has just left his body."

"Dead!" shrieked Lady Laura, in a tone that might be heard in every part of the house. "My father dead! Oh, Jane, is it true?" she wailed out, catching sight of Jane Chesney on the stairs above, "is papa dead?"

Out came the nurse from Lady Oakburn's room, with a face as white as a sheet, and as sour as a crab, praying for caution and silence. Laura went higher up, and Jane took her into the death-chamber.

She flung herself down by the side of the bed, crying frantically, almost raving. Why had she not been sent for earlier? why had they allowed him to die without her seeing him? Jane, in her quiet but far deeper grief, strove to soothe her; she whispered of his peaceful frame of mind, of his loving message of forgiveness; but Laura sobbed on hysterically, and would not be comforted.

A sight startled them both. A tall figure roled in a flannel dressing-gown, with an ashy pale face stood before them, looking at the corpse. Laura had never seen her before, and it hushed her to silence; Jane knew her for Lady Oakburn. The nurse followed behind, wringing her hands, and audibly lamenting what it appeared she had no power to prevent. Laura's cry in the corridor had penetrated to the chamber, and Lady Oakburn rose out of her bed to come.

Anguish and reproach struggled in her countenance, anguish at her husband's death, reproach at those who had kept his state from her; but she had powerful command over her feelings, and retained almost unnatural calmness. "Was this well done?" she asked, confronting Jane.

"I am a stranger in the house," was Jane's reply, "holding no authority in it. I do not know precisely to what you allude. I would have purchased my father's life with my own; but his time was come."

"You have been with him?"

"Since this afternoon."

"And yet you have excluded me!" returned Lady Oakburn, her voice rising with its suppressed emotion. "You think it right to exclude a wife from her husband's death-bed?"

"I think it very wrong," said Lady Jane: "I think nothing can justify it, save peril to her own life. The first caution I had breathed into my ear, upon entering this house, was, that my father's danger must be kept from you. I ventured a remonstrance; yes, I did; and I was told that the tidings, if imparted, might kill you. I should have been the first to tell you, had I dared."

Lady Oakburn turned her condemning eyes on the nurse. "It was Dr. James," spoke up the woman; "he gave his orders throughout the household, and we could but obey him. He was afraid of such a thing as this; that has now happened; and who's to know, my lady, that you may not die for it?"

"I beg your pardon," murmured the countess to Jane. "Oh, Lady Jane, let us be friends in this awful moment!" she added, an irresistible impulse prompting her to speak. "He was your father; my husband; and he is lying dead before us; he has entered into the world where strife must cease; forgive me for the injury you think I did you; let us at least be friends in the present hour, though the future should bring coolness again!"

Jane Chesney put her hand into her step-mother's. "It was not my fault you were not with him; had it rested with me, you should have been. He charged me to give you his love, and to say how he wished he could have seen you, had the doctors not forbidden it. His death has been very peaceful; full of hope: a little while he said, and we should all be joining him there."

Lady Oakburn, Jane's hand still in hers, had laid her face upon the pillow by the dead, when a storm of suffocating sobs was heard behind them. Lucy, likewise aroused by Laura's cry on the stairs, had stolen in, in her white dress. "You kept it from me too, Jane!" exclaimed Lady Oakburn, in a tone of sad reproach, "and I *trusted* to you!"

"It was kept from her," spoke up the nurse. "We were as afraid of her knowing it, my lady, as of you."

"Oh, Jane," sobbed the child, "why has your love gone from us? You knew he was dying, and you never told me; you need not have begrudged a kiss to me from him for the last time."

"I have no longer authority in the house, Lucy," repeated Jane, "and can but do as I am told. I am but a stranger in it."

Her tone, broken by suffering, by sorrow, struck upon them all, even amidst their own grief. Laura had been kneeling in the shade since Lady Oakburn's entrance; had neither spoken to her, nor been seen by Lucy.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WILL.—THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

Judith was in Piccadilly the following day, having gone thither to make some purchases for her mistress, when she encountered Mr. Stephen Grey. There was no space in the last chapter to mention that he quitted South Wennock for London, but he did so before Christmas, and nearly ten months had now elapsed since his departure.

Mr. John Grey's advice to him was, "Establish yourself *well* in London. Spend money in doing so, and you will probably get it returned to you with interest, but begin in a little poking, niggling way, and it's ten chances to one if you ever get on." Stephen took the advice. A physician died suddenly in Saville Row, that great nest where eminent medical men congregate, and Stephen Grey stepped in at the very nick of time, and, at the cost of a trifling outlay, secured the lease of the house. The practice came flowing in to him, almost without solicitation or exertion on his own part; he then found it would be better if he took his degree, at least, that he would be thought more of; he had done so, and was now Doctor Grey.

"Why, Judith!" he uttered as he met her, "is it you, or your ghost? What wind blew you to town?"

He was the same Stephen Grey as ever, free and cordial. Judith was delighted to see him; she had always liked and respected him, and she believed him to have been an ill-used man.

"Lady Jane was telegraphed for yesterday, sir. The earl was dying. We got to London in the afternoon, and he died at ten minutes past eleven at night."

"I heard of his death this morning. Gout, I suppose?"

"Gout in the stomach," replied Judith. "But he suffered as good as nothing yesterday, sir, and died as peaceful as a child."

"He would not suffer much towards the last," remarked Doctor Grey. "And the young earl is a strapping shaver of four days old! Death and birth, Judith; the one comes to replace the other."

"It's in the course of nature that it should, sir. But as to the baby being strapping, I don't know about that, for I have not seen him. It's born healthy and straight, with all its parts about it, the servants say, and that's the chief thing. Lady Laura is up also," added Judith, "but she did not get there in time to see her father alive."

"How was that—if Lady Jane could do it?"

"Lady Laura was out, visiting at Pembury. My Lady sent a note to her, thinking she was at home, and we called for her in the fly as we were going to the station. Mr. Carlyon came out to Lady Jane; I don't fancy she much liked meeting him; she has never once met him, sir, till yesterday, since the marriage."

"How is he getting on?" asked Doctor Grey.

"Very well, I believe. But Mr. Grey and his partner, Mr. Lycett, have as much as ever they can do. There's plenty of practice for all, sir."

"I always said there was," replied the doctor. "Do Carlyon and Frederick fall out still?"

"Not that I hear of, sir. I fancy they keep apart, for there's no love lost between them. He gets so good looking, does Master Frederick; the last time I saw him he said he should soon be leaving for London."

"Very soon now, in a few months. But we thought it better that he should remain for a time at South Wennock, where he would get more of the drudgery of the profession than he would with me."

"And, sir, if I may make bold to ask it, how are you prospering?"

"Famously, Judith. Short as the time is that I have been here, I am making more than I did at South Wennock. So if your friend, Carlyon, thought to ruin me by driving me away, he has not succeeded in his wish."

Doctor Grey laughed as he spoke, as cherished enmity to none, it was not in his nature; but Judith resented the joking speech.

"He is no friend of mine, sir; I don't like him well enough. When shall you be paying a visit to South Wennock, Mr. Stephen?"

"My goodness, Judith! the idea of your calling me 'Mr. Stephen!'" returned the jesting doctor. "I'm a great man now, and shall enter an action against you for defamation of title. Don't you know I am the famed Doctor Grey?"

Judith laughed also; his merriment was contagious.

"But when shall you be coming, sir?"

"Perhaps never," he replied, a shade of uneasiness arising to his face. "South Wennock did not treat me so well, that I should wish to see it again. Should the mystery ever be cleared up, about that poisoned draught—and, mark you, Judith, when it is cleared up, it will be found that I was innocent—then I may visit it again."

Judith wished him good-morning, and went on her way, thinking over the interview. She wondered whether the mystery ever would be cleared up: she hoped it would be sometime; and yet—she dreaded it.

It was a somewhat singular coincidence that the old Dowager Countess of Oakburn died the day subsequent to the earl. They were both buried at the same time in one of the large cemeteries near London. The old sailor had expressly desired that no parade might be made over his funeral, that he might not be taken to Chauncy Oaks, the burial place of the family, which would involve a large outlay, but be put into the ground in the simplest way possible; and the executors of the countess dowager thought it well to observe the same private simplicity with regard to her.

The will of the earl was read by the solicitor to the Oakburns, after the funeral; and also that of the countess dowager, because it involved a legacy to Jane and to Lucy Chesney. The earl had it not in his power to bequeath much. The estate was charged with the payment of five hundred a year to his eldest daughter, Jane Chesney, for her life; to his second daugher, Laura Carlyon, he left his *forgiveness*; and to his third and fourth daughters, Clarice Beauchamp, and Lucy Eleanor, the sum of three thousand pounds each. Lucy was left under the personal guardianship of his wife Eliza, Countess of Oakburn, who was charged with her education and maintenance; home with the countess, if she pleased, and if she did not so please, he prayed his daughter Jane to afford her one. Should any untoward fate have overtaken Clarice (so ran the words of the will) that she should no longer be living, then the three thousand pounds were to revert to Jane absolutely. A sum of three hundred pounds was to be equally divided at once between his four daughters," to provide them with decent mourning," Clarice's share to be handed over to Jane, that it might be set aside for her.

Such were the terms of the will, as related to the earl's daughters; the part of it regarding his wife and son (the latter of whom was not born when it was made, though it provided for the contingency) need not be touched upon, for it does not concern us. The Dowager Countess of Oakburn, who had plenty of money in her own right, had bequeathed five thousand pounds each to her grandnieces, Jane and Lucy Eleanor Chesney. Jane's five thousand was to be paid over to her within twelve months, Lucy's was to be left to accumulate until she should be of age, both principal and interest. Neither Laura nor Clarice was mentioned in her will. The old countess had never forgiven Clarice for attempting to get her own living, and it may be supposed that Laura's marriage had equally offended her.

To express the sore feeling, the anger, the resentment of Lady Laura, at finding herself passed over both by her father and her aunt, would be difficult. She was of a hasty and passionate temper, something like her father, too apt to give way to it upon trifling occasions, but she did not now. There are some injuries, or what we deem such, which tell so keenly upon the feelings that they bury themselves in silence, and rankle there. This was one. Laura Carlyon made no remark, no observation; she expressed not a word of disappointment, or said that it was one; she took the seventy-five pounds from the solicitor, her share of the three hundred, which was handed her the day following the funeral, and she expressed no regret that the trifle was all she was to inherit.

Jane also had her disappointment, almost a sort of despair. Not as to money matters; she was left as well off as she expected to be, and felt grateful to her father for doing so much; grateful also to her aunt for the handsome legacy. Her disappointment regarded Lucy. That the child, whom she had so loved and tended, whom in her heart she believed herself more suitable to train into the good Christian, the refined gentlewoman, than Lady Oakburn, should be left away from her care, entrusted to another, was indeed a bitter trial. Jane, like Laura, said not a word of her mortification; but, unlike Laura, she strove to subdue it. "It is but another cross in my tried life," she whispered to herself, "I must take it up meekly, and pray to be enabled to bear it."

The sisters, Jane and Laura, travelled down to South Wennock together. Little conversation passed between them; Jane's heart was heavy, Laura's resentful, and neither cared to speak of her grievances to the other. A momentary thought, touching other matters, flashed across Laura's mind, and she hastened to put a question relating to it.

"Jane, did you ask papa, before his death, whether that scrap of a note I found of Clarice's, had formed part of a letter addressed to him? Was he sufficiently well for it?"

"There was no need for me to ask him then," was Jane's reply. "At the time you gave me the bit of paper, I wrote and inquired of him, and he replied that he had never received any letter at all from Clarice, subsequent to her leaving home. As I thought."

"Why did you not tell me, Jane?"

Jane Chesney sighed.

"I don't know: somehow I do not like to talk of Clarice; and it only left the mystery where it was."

Mr. Carlyon was at home to receive his wife when she arrived. It was late in the evening, and the tea was waiting for her; the sitting-room, with its cheerful fire, not unacceptable after travelling, looked a bright welcome, but not a more bright one than did Mr. Carlyon. He clasped her to him, threw her bonnet off to to kiss her, and vowed (not in the best of taste,) that she looked lovely in her deep mourning.

"Between Pembury and London you have been away thirteen days," he exclaimed. "And I, longing for you all the while, thinking they would never pass."

"There is no place like home, after all," said Laura. "And, oh, Lewis! there is no person like you."

"And how are things left?" continued Mr. Carlyon. "I suppose you are so rich now, we poor commoners must scarcely dare to touch you with a long pole."

Laura had been sitting before the fire, her feet on the fender, Mr. Carlyon leaning caressingly over her. She suddenly sprang up and turned her back upon him, apparently busying herself with some trifles that lay on a side-table: she had an inward conviction that her news would not be palatable.

"Laura, I say. I suppose you inherit ten or twenty thousand pounds. The countess-dowager was good to you for ten, I should think."

"I was deliberating how I should soften things to you, and I can't do it; I'll tell you the worst at once," she uttered, flashing round and meeting him face to face. "I am disinherited, Lewis."

He made no reply, he only looked at her with eager, questioning eyes.

"Papa has not left me a shilling—save a trifle for mourning: it stated in the will that he bequeathed me *his forgiveness*. My aunt has given ten thousand pounds between Jane and Lucy; nothing to me."

A savage oath all but escaped the lips of Mr. Carlyon; he managed to suppress it before it was spoken.

"Left you nothing?" he uttered. "Neither of them?"

"Seventy-five pounds for mourning—and the 'forgiveness!' Oh, Lewis, it is shameful; an awful disappointment; a disgraceful injustice: and I feel it more for you than for myself."

"And Jane?" he asked, after a while.

"Jane has five hundred a year for life, and five thousand pounds absolutely. And other moneys contingent upon deaths. What shall we do, Lewis?"

"Make the best of it," replied Mr. Carlyon. "There is an old saying, Laura, 'What can't be cured must be endured:' you and I must exemplify it."

She took up her bonnet and quitted the room to remove her shawl, leaving Mr. Carlyon alone. A change came over his features then, and the livid look of anger, not often seen by his fellow men, sat upon them. It was enough to anger him, many may think: yes, but not enough to call up that demoniacal glance of evil, that seemed as if it would threaten the whole world. He stood in one position, his eyes bent to the ground, and his hands falling on either side him; he stood so for some minutes, and then he lifted his eyes.

Lifted his eyes to rest upon—what? Peering into the room, which was only lighted by the fire, its nose pressed flat against a pane of the window, was that never-forgotten face—the awful face, whether human or bobgoblin, which had so scared him the night of the murder, and again the second night in Captain Chesney's garden.

It scared him still; and Mr. Carlyon staggered against the wall, as if he would be out of its sight, his suppressed cry of terror resounding through the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ The late witty Samuel William Riley, author of The Itinerant, seeing a proud and solemn calf of sixty, swelling down Lord street, Liverpool, accosted him, politely touching his hat, "Excuse me, sir, stopping you in the street, but I just wished to inquire the rent of the house No. 10, Great George street?" "Sir," replied his haughtiness, "I have no house in Great George street." "Oh! I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Mr. R., "I thought all the town belonged to you!"

☞ Wise men fear the folly of their adversaries far more than their wisdom.—*Helps.*

☞ In a satirical poem on the new French commercial treaty, The London Press describes Richard Cobden as—

> "England's grand expositor,
> Cobden the great, who absolutely bagged
> The sum of seventy thousand pounds, the fruit
> Of simple slackjaw and audacious speech,
> And sunk it in the rails American."

☞ "Good Old Times!"—The late Mr. Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," had been involved in a regular drinking party. He was keeping as free from the usual excesses as he was able, and as he marked companions around him falling victims to the power of drink, his attention was called to a small pair of hands working at his throat; on asking what it was, a voice replied, "Sir, I'm the lad that's to loose the neckclothe." Here, then, was a family in which, on drinking occasions, it was the appointed duty of one of the household to attend, and when the guests were becoming helpless, to untie their cravats, in fear of apoplexy or suffocation.—*Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character."*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"An Autumn Lament;" "The Death;" "To Grace."

HOW THINGS GO.

We were strongly impressed with the rapidity with which the world moves in these latter days, one evening not long since, upon turning over the pages of a volume recently published, called "THE SOCIABLE." This "SOCIABLE" is simply a collection—and a very excellent collection too—of games, amusements, &c., calculated to while away and delight the evening hours. For a family circle—especially in the country, and of winter evenings—a book like this is almost invaluable. Its directions for acting proverbs and charades—with a number of original pieces—its games, its sleight of hand tricks, its puzzles, &c., &c., &c., are enough for a whole season's constant amusement.

But it was an item in the department of "natural magic," which caused us to start at seeing how rapidly the world moves. Following the account of that curious operation with a Bible and a key—known for ages—and which is yet used, we believe, in certain portions of the globe, for the discovery of offenders, by dealers in the black art—comes the curious description of lifting a heavy man on the ends of the fingers of six persons, with a very little effort. As our readers probably know, the man to be lifted, and those lifting him, all inhale the air at the same time—and, at a given signal, when all are full—the man is lifted by a singularly slight effort, as if by some magical assistance. The secret of this, we believe, yet mystifies the natural philosophers—Sir David Brewster, among others, owning himself completely puzzled by it. And, following this, comes what? Nothing more nor less, than the mode of turning hats and tables by placing hands upon them! The well known operation is described—the writer adding that the explanation in this case also, is not yet known, some supposing the motion to be the result of the involuntary action of the muscles, others that it is owing to some electrical or other nervous force existing in the system. Thus coolly the whole thing is treated—as a branch of natural magic, such as the old key-turning, the raising of the human body by a slight impulse, &c. "Only this, and nothing more!"

Thus rapidly the world moves. Even before the incredulous have fully made up their minds that a certain thing is done at all, by any means not positively tricky, the very children are being taught to look upon it simply as upon those other singular facts of existence, which find place in all books of puzzles and natural magic! The writer of the volume alluded to, incidentally mentions that when he was in Europe, hat and table turnings were all the rage in every social circle—curious phenomena, variously explained, but of undoubted authenticity. We think he leans himself to the electric or magnetic theory—though he insists in the directions, that all the parties must be agreed as to the way the hat or table is to turn, and that, if a table, it be light, and the castors well oiled, if the experiment is to succeed well. He also says the parties must be cautioned against pressing down upon the articles when they first show signs of turning, as they are apt to do involuntarily unless so forewarned. And thus goes table turning—down from among the "spirits"—into an experiment in natural magic, for the amusement and edification of the household circle.

THE SIAMESE TWINS are still living in Surrey county, North Carolina. At a late revival the wife of Chang was baptized. Chang and Eng seemed to be much concerned for themselves, and requested an interest in the prayers of the minister.

The young men's debating societies are always on the look out for knotty questions, here is one:—If one of the Siamese Twins should commit an offence punishable by imprisonment, would it be right to imprison him, knowing that the other would be necessarily imprisoned also? There might be a great deal said on this question, on both sides.

SECOND-RATE MEN.—As to the very highest prizes of human affairs, it is, I believe, admitted on all hands that these generally fall to second-rate men. Civilized nations have found it convenient entirely to give up the hallucination that a monarch is the greatest, wisest, and best man in his dominions. Nobody supposes that. And, in the case of hereditary dynasties, such an end is not even aimed at. But it is curious to find how with elective sovereignties it is just the same way. The great statesmen of America have very rarely obtained to the dignity of President of the United States. Not Clays and Websters, but Polks and Fillmores have had their four years of frowsy royalty at the White House. And even Cardinal Wiseman candidly tells us that the post which is regarded by millions as the highest which can be held by mortal, is all but systematically given to judicious mediocrity. A great genius will never be Pope. The coach must not be trusted to too dashing a charioteer. Give us the safe and steady man. Everybody knows that the same usage applies to the primacy in England. Bishops must be sensible; but Archbishops are by some regarded with suspicion if they have ever committed themselves to sentiments more startling than that two and two make four.—*Fraser's Magazine for January.*

How could it be otherwise? The first-class men of any epoch, are the men who are from fifty to five hundred years in advance of the great body of their contemporaries. But the men who are called to Thrones and Presidential chairs, must be representative men—men representing the average wisdom, or stupidity, of the times. How can the man to whom the prevailing tastes or opinions—literary, political, or religious—are to a great degree folly, expect to have his tastes or opinions endorsed by the large majority of his fellow men? He should consider himself well off if he escapes the prison, the scaffold and the cross. Such ever have been the usual posts of honor awarded by each era to its first-class men. The prophets of the *past* are honored—the prophets of the present are seldom in very good odor among "respectable" people.

There are exceptions to this rule, we grant. Turbulent periods of human history, often force the nations to respect and reverence their first-class men. A great soldier like Napoleon, through the sheer force of genius gains victories—and victory gains him the respect of mankind. Napoleon's art of war, submitted to the great body of his fellow citizens, or even fellow soldiers, before being tried, doubtless would have been pooh-poohed out of sight—and the man guilty of originating such "nonsense," been considered entirely too reckless and unsafe for any important command. But the world generally has sufficient wit to acknowledge that merit which has been tested, and come off triumphant. In ordinary times, Napoleon doubtless would have risen to the rank of Lieutenant, and, after a life principally distinguished by open ridicule of all the leading Generals of his time, been consigned to the tomb with the reputation, among the few that knew him, of a conceited but shallow fault-finder with men whose military boots he was unworthy to draw off.

As for Cromwell and Washington, in ordinary periods, probably neither would have distinguished himself, nor been chosen to any high office. Cromwell, without an English revolution, would have passed for a country squire of rather pugnacious disposition, but very ordinary abilities. Washington, with no Indian war, and no great Revolutionary struggle, would have made a competency by surveying, and lived the life of a private citizen, "utterly disgusted with politics."

But, aside from those few fields where greatness is in a situation to command respect from its contemporaries, first-class men must look to the future for a recognition of their merits—and often fail of receiving it even there, so far as this world is concerned. The goodly realms of Hereafter doubtless will be full of saints and sages and heroes, of whom the world has never heard. The Great Unknown may possibly outnumber and outrank there, the Great Known. Of one thing we may be certain, that when the Master comes "to make up His jewels," not one—however obscure its lot may have been on earth—will be overlooked or forgotten.

POISONED BY STRYCHNINE WHISKEY.—Nicholas Spencer and his wife, both colored, were poisoned in Steubenville, Ohio, last Saturday, by drinking strychnine whiskey—the husband dying within half an hour after taking the fatal dose, and the wife suffering so much at the time the letter was written to the Pittsburg Chronicle that her death was momentarily expected. The parties, it seems, procured a bottle of whiskey at a tavern in town, which, it is said, was heavily charged with strychnine. Both partook of it, and both became alarmingly ill immediately afterwards, with what result we have stated.

A correspondent out West, engaged in distilling, wrote us some time ago, as our readers will remember, expressing utter incredulity as to the charge that strychnine was employed by any manufacturer in making whiskey—and yet notices of sudden death from drinking whiskey, such as we copy above, are frequently met with of late in the papers. It is evident that some deadly drug—strychnine or something else—is put into the whiskey, if not by the original manufacturer, then by the store-keepers.

Recently, the wife of Julius M. Smith, of Concord, Mass., who foolishly took whiskey in the place of ether or chloroform, to render her insensible during the extraction of a number of teeth, died after lying in an unconscious state for many hours—the result very probably of something more deadly than the whiskey itself. It appears to be almost undeniable that poisonous drugs are put in whiskey by some of those concerned in the vending of it—and the punishment of one or two of these wholesale poisoners by pouring their own vile stuff down their throats, would be productive of good results, so far as the public health is concerned.

——Since writing the above, we have heard it suggested that *turpentine* is what does the mischief in adulterated whiskey. That something is used is evident, but probably only a chemical analysis will be able to tell us what.

BUSINESS MEN should know of the existence of "Tuckett's Insurance Journal." It is a monthly record of everything pertaining to Finance, Joint-stock Bodies, Assurance Companies, Banks, and all institutions of the kind, published at 228 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

THE OAKFORDS' NEW STORES.

Chestnut street begins to flower, here and there, with brilliant stores. The color and glitter of London and Paris, are breaking out along the sober promenade. The flash of plate-glass, the sparkle and glimmer of gold and jewels, the sumptuous hues of costly goods, charm the pedestrian eye all along the thoroughfare. He who looks at the dry-goods stores of Sharpless, of Evans, of Levy, or the jewellers' establishments of Bailey and Caldwell, sees that our aloe is bursting into bloom. By-and-by, if we continue at this rate, we shall have a street equal to the bazaars of Bagdad or Damascus, in the days of Sinbad the Sailor. The show is especially rich just where the street is palisaded by the Girard House and the magnificent new Continental Hotel, and here are the stores of Messrs. Oakford & Sons—two of the handsomest stores we have ever seen, and a credit to the town in every respect worth mentioning.

Let us dip the pen of admiration in the ink-pot of accuracy, and describe. As you stand in front of the new Continental, you see the name of the firm of OAKFORD & SONS, in gold letters, on the drab stone of the edifice, and the crimson curtain and plate glass of their forty or fifty feet breadth of windows, divided by the ladies entrance to the hotel. In the windows of one store, on the left-hand side of the hotel entrance, are all kinds of ladies' furs, riding-hats, shoes, childrens' hats and caps, and articles of the same sort. In the windows of the other store, is a display of all kinds of hats, caps, and furnishing goods.

The stores are one hundred and fifty feet in depth, and are architecturally ornamented, and hung with candelebras and mirrors in every direction. The floors are of tesselated marble, and Italian marble forms the counters. The interior is amply lighted in the day-time by large skylights, and at night by a great number of burners. The color of the store is a warm neutral tint, both elegant and judicious, and free from all gaudiness.

As you go along from the entrance in the gentlemen's department, you have on each side of you, on counters and in cases, a profusion of hats and caps of every style. His must be a difficult fancy, who could not suit his head with a covering here. Further back is a department for gentlemen's furnishing goods of every description. Then in the centre of the stores, at the rear, is a square enclosure of arabesque iron-work supporting an Italian marble counter, with dark walnut desk and furniture. This is the cashier's office.

Passing the cashier's desk, if you choose, or going in at the other entrance, you are in the ladies' store. It is plainer in decoration than the other, but of the same general color. In the front of it is the department of furs, riding hats, children's caps and hats, and such articles. Further back are parasols, sunshades, umbrellas, and French, English and American ladies' and misses' shoes of every sort imaginable. Further back still are trimming-rooms, where fancy hats are prepared, and private apartments for the convenience of the ladies employed in the store.

Then in the rear of all, is the wholesale department, spacious, and so beautifully arranged that an immense quantity of goods can be sold without confusion in a very short time. Sample hats for example, are there disposed in rows of open boxes, with the trade-marks on each, all ready for the inspection of the customer. Nothing could be more admirable than this orderly arrangement. In this quarter of the establishment, is the private room of the firm, and, in strict seclusion, the Book-keeper's office, with one of Herring & Farrel's champion-safes lifting its brass-lettered black and green solidity upon the eye. On the desk of the firm, we saw bill-paper, handsome as a bank note, and handsomely engraved, with the portrait of the senior member of the house cheerfully beaming thereupon.

Going down stairs, you enter one hundred and seventy feet of space below and beneath the pavement, well-lighted by patent sidewalk and floor windows of thick glass. In the front of this space are apartments for finishing hats and making furs; others for the reception and delivery of goods; together with a great area for packing on the most extensive scale, and dumb-waiters, speaking-tubes, hoisting machinery, wash-rooms, and conveniences of all kinds in every direction.

On the whole, you conclude, as you survey the goods, the busy clerks, the crowds of customers, the decorated stores, the ample and complete arrangements for business in the front and in the rear, above and below, that this is considerable of an establishment. It is certainly an ornament to the new hotel, an ornament to the street, and a credit to the proprietors. That it will be a profit also, one cannot doubt, for enterprise and energy are members of the firm. We suppose the fur of every creature that dives in Hudson's Bay or digs the earth's surface anywhere, is here. And if there is a faultless shoe tripping along the asphalte pavement of the Boulevards, a modish hat jauntily careering down Regent street or Piccadilly, or a dress article of any kind anywhere, that has not its counterpart here, we are very much mistaken. Judging by what we saw, the new mode and the latest style are always to be found at Oakford & Sons.

☞ The tendency of old age, say the physiologists, is to form bone. It is as rare as it is pleasant to meet with an old man *whose opinions are not ossified.*

☞ People generally condemn war as a system of blood-shedding: but that is by no means all. It sanctions, for a time, almost everything that an honorable man would shun. It sanctions espionage, it sanctions deceit, it sanctions the opening of letters; it is often obliged to permit plunder. Can all this be without great damage to the character of a nation, even though only temporary?

☞ There have been endless disputes about the distinction between pride and vanity. One fact is sufficient to show the vastness of the difference. Many men are almost pleased to be called proud. You can call no man vain without insulting him. Another surely sufficient distinction is, that the former is one of the principal guardians of women, and that the latter is one of their most frequent betrayers.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The author of DOCTOR OLDHAM AT GREYSTONES AND HIS TALE THERE (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) asks for courteous readers. As it is not given to everybody to read and be courteous, we must pass his book by.

In the new book of the historian Michelet, entitled WOMAN, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) there is metal more attractive. To give a just account of such a work as this is anything but easy. It has passages which provoke the reader into declaring that Michelet is wanting in common sense. Then there are passages which urge one to say that he has every kind of sense but common sense. And then passages which declare him the possessor of common sense and all other kinds of sense. The main fault of the book, and one that seriously detracts from and conceals its real merits, is its style. It professes to unfold the psychological and physiological nature of woman, while at the same time it is a plea for her proper treatment by her husband, as well as for her proper education from childhood to womanhood. All this is well, and needed, but Michelet puts it in a fantastic and airy rhetoric, ineffably repulsive to the serious Saxon mind. The book seems written for effect throughout. It is all dramatic attitudinizing from first to last. Not one person in twenty will have the slightest idea what the author is driving at, with his fine metaphors and fancies. One cannot but contrast him unfavorably in this and in every other respect with his countryman, Montaigne. Montaigne, writing in the sixteenth century, an age of rude speech, is free in expression even to grossness, but the grossness is of the lips, and not of the heart, and his book is infinitely more moral than Michelet's, spite of the minikin delicacy of the latter. The contrast extends to the thought and style. Montaigne is solid, shrewd, hearty, robust, direct and plain, while Michelet is the quintessence of literary foppery, a rhetorical acrobat and a phrase-maker, fanciful, mystical, flighty, partial, and vain. His book reads like the speech of a lawyer when ladies are in court. It is all butter and honey. Montaigne treats women as if they were women, even when he rails at them. Michelet's woman is a little girl, who has no self reliance, no courage, no independence, and who must be coddled and petted and pampered and watched constantly. His book in this respect, as in its account of Parisian society (if this can be trusted,) is sad. Still, this is but one side, and Michelet is full of splendid contradictions. Now and then, he gives us a picture of a right womanly woman, the very opposite of his ideal, and such an one as the method of culture he advises, could never produce. His book is good for men to read, and it has thoughts and statements which they will do well to ponder. Only get through the fantastic crust, and it is surprising how much valuable and suggestive matter the work contains. On the vexed question of marrying cousins, we notice that he has an opinion worth considering. In one page he mentions the Scotch clans—"for instance, the six thousand Campbells, *all cousins.*" Here is a field open for inquiry as to the alleged *idiocy* produced by such unions. On another page he says:—

"I have read all that has been written of late on this subject, and what seems to me probable is, that marriage between relatives, *while it may weaken the weak, and further degenerate them, may on the contrary strengthen the strong.* I so conclude, not only from the experience of ancient Greece, but of our own French coasts. Our sailors, prudent men, who go everywhere, and know everything, and do not decide like peasants, by local routine, generally marry their cousins, and are none the less an elite of strength, intelligence and beauty."

This seems sensible, and what is here alleged of the French sailors, is as true, we believe, of our own fishermen in many localities. There are towns on the New England coast, where of necessity, the entire population are more or less distantly related, yet among these hardy people, where marriages between cousins are rather the rule than the exception, we do not believe there are many, if any, imbecile children.

A work of much importance to students of English historical literature, is Dr. Vaughan's REVOLUTIONS IN ENGLISH HISTORY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Dr. Vaughan is known chiefly as the editor of the British Quarterly Review, and also as one who has damaged Macaulay's history considerably by his criticism. In this work—terse, lucid, picturesque, learned—he traces those changes in race, in religion and government, which, in his theory, have resulted in making England what she is to-day. The theory is seriously open to question, but the work is valuable and interesting.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

SERMONS BY THE LATE REV. F. W. ROBERTSON. Fourth Series. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS IN AFRICA, by REV. CHARLES W. THOMAS, M. A. Derby & Jackson, New York.

WOLFE OF THE KNOLL AND OTHER POEMS, by MRS. GEORGE P. MARSH. Charles Scribner, New York.

WILD SPORTS IN THE SOUTH; or, THE CAMP-FIRES OF THE EVERGLADES, by CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD. Derby & Jackson, New York.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. February. Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co., Richmond, Va.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. March. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. January. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. By THOMAS HUGHES. Part IV. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

☞ The higher the sanctity of the office, the less is sometimes required of the man. The pigeon, Kohl tells us, in his "Russia," is a sacred bird in St. Petersburg, with which nobody thinks of interfering. It loses the delicacy of its character, and, like no other pigeons in the world, takes to feeding on offal.

☞ There are some men who seem to exert all their bodily powers in violating the law, and their mental ones in eluding it.

☞ It is probably more innocent to laugh at a theatre at the foibles of imaginary characters, than to find pleasure in ridiculing at a tea-table the weaknesses of real ones.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

AN UNWISE EPISTLE—A PIT OF ONE'S OWN DIGGING—ALL THE WORLD DANCING—A BIT OF FRENCH LIFE—A BALL AT THE TUILERIES—THE MODERN THEBES—HOME AGAIN—A USEFUL SERVANT—A NEW BATTERY—THE OLDEST BIBLE.

PARIS, Feb. 2, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Threats of returning snow; the Pope's Encyclical letter, with its incentives to war, and its menaces against the Emperor of the French, with the suppression of the *Univers* for publishing this letter without the previous authorization of the Government, which the terms of the Concordat itself stipulate as necessary before any Papal document can be published in France;—such are the principal topics of the present moment in this city. The *Univers* having been the sole journal to praise the very law in virtue of which it has ceased to appear, when that law was made, it is hardly possible to regret its fate, however little we may sympathize with the *regime* of supervision under which the press exists in this country; especially as its influence has always been so consistently exerted against everything like liberty and progress. The clergy have been so violent of late, and have, in many instances so openly threatened the Emperor with the downfall of his power, should he persevere in his determination not to allow the people of the Romagna to be brought back by force under the allegiance of the Pope, that the Emperor has probably been glad to avail himself of the pretext thus afforded by that journal, to show to the party whom it represents that he is determined not to allow himself to be braved with impunity. It is believed that, should the clergy persist in its hostile attitude, the suppression of several of the so-called "Religious Bodies" will follow that of the journal in question. The fact is, that many of these bodies, like that of St. Vincent de Paul, for instance, are really strongly organized secret societies, covering the land with their network, possessing immense revenues, and capable of exerting an influence as powerful as occult, and of creating very great embarrassments for the Government.

Meantime, balls, in high places and in low, are the order of the day just at present, people getting as much amusement as possible out of the short time which is left to them before the long Lenten fast begins. The *chiffonniere* and the *blanchisseuse* are footing it merrily in suburban *guinguettes*, and underground cellars; the Empress and the gay crowds who emulate her are dancing in the gilded saloons of the Tuileries and of the chaussee d'Antin; and half way between these two extremes, a curious mixture of ranks and ages, is the medley rout that fills the great *salle* of the Opera, boarded across from stage to boxes, and given up every Saturday evening through this season, to the votaries of Comus and Momus. At last Saturday's ball, the honors (!) of the evening were won by an eccentric couple whose extravagances of dress and gesture recalled the traditions of the palmy days of a period now happily passed away: the husband was dressed as a lady, in enormous crinoline and nose a foot long, the wife being gifted with an equal extent of proboscis, and arrayed in masculine attire of the most extravagant description. The glory of captivating the attention of all present was shared by this noble pair with another woman, who, unattended, dressed in the traditional white garments of "Pierrette," with her tight sleeves and full trowsers, and having apparently imbibed champagne rather too freely, performed the most extravagant dances, threw herself into the most violent contortions, and at length, throwing herself upon the floor, began to walk round the hall on her hands, with her high-heeled boots in the air. A party of five Russians in one of the boxes, being apparently much delighted with the absurdities of the mask, drew out their purses, and having contributed a gold piece of twenty francs, rolled the coins up in a bit of paper, and flung them down under the nose of the mask, crying, "'Tis for Pierrette! for Pierrette!" on which that individual, springing to her feet, and thrusting the offering into her pocket, commenced a series of gymnastics of a character so much more extreme than her previous performances, that the police, who had already been watching her doings with some displeasure, now pounced upon her, and marched her out of the house to the nearest police station, where she was locked up for the night.

Early next morning, this over-merry mask, who had had time to sleep off the effects of her potations of the previous evening, was claimed by a respectable-looking man, who declared himself to be her husband, and whom the woman at once admitted to be such. It appears that this woman was originally a flower-maker of Rouen, where she married, her husband being engaged in some petty trade. Having been unfortunate in business, he went out to California about four years ago, leaving his wife to maintain herself by her own exertions. Being very young, exceedingly pretty, and passionately fond of pleasure, she was not slow to listen to bad counsels, left Rouen, and came to Paris, where she led as reckless and unedifying life as can well be imagined. Having quitted Rouen, without leaving any trace of her whereabout, she had received none of the letters her husband had sent to her; and had nearly forgotten his existence. But the husband who had prospered in the land of gold, and who was uneasy at hearing nothing from her, at length came back to France to look her up. Finding that she had deserted Rouen, and judging that she was most probably at Paris, he came hither, and commenced a search after her. Knowing her fondness for amusement, he bethought him of seeking for her at the Opera-ball; but did not enter the building until she had left it under the unasked escort of the official guardians of public "order." From the descriptions he heard of the unlucky mask, he at once suspected her to be his missing partner, and accordingly presented himself at the lock-up, as soon as the day dawned. The woman seemed touched by the interest her husband had shown on her behalf, and displayed much contrition for her ill-conduct. She promised to amend her ways for the future, and her husband pitying her youth, engaged to take her back with him to America, where he intends to settle, naturally considering that her determination to reform would be more likely to be successfully carried out in an entirely new scene, and amidst new surroundings.

The Court has stopped dancing for the moment, having just gone into mourning for the Grand-Duchess Stephanie of Baden, cousin of the Emperor. The last ball at the Tuileries, as I learn from an English friend who was there, was a mere mob. The aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the *haute bourgeoisie*, who are almost all Orleanists, keep away from the present Court, which is composed of rather heterogeneous elements, the martial decidedly predominating. My friend, who has been at Court-balls both in England and in foreign capitals, being much given to travelling, and equally fond of amusing herself wherever she chances to be, describes the apartments at the Tuileries as being as brilliant as gilding and wax-lights could make them; the arrangement of the rooms, the furniture, decorations, &c., being magnificent in the extreme. But few ladies, comparatively, were present; the saloons being filled with men, principally officers, of which description of individual she thinks all the garrisons of Paris and its neighborhood must have been stripped to furnish the immense number there congregated. There was but little dancing, the crowd being too dense; and as for the supper, which looked exceedingly grand and tempting from the nearest point of view from which she had the satisfaction of contemplating it, the whole of it seemed to be pretty much absorbed by the gentlemen, so that numbers of ladies, my friend among them, could not procure a single crumb. The Empress, during the greater part of the evening, remained in a boudoir looking out into the ball-rooms, and where the lady-guests were presented to her. Judging from the enormous width of her skirts, her Majesty would not seem to have discarded hoops; though it is declared, by some of the happy people who enjoy the privilege of approaching her, that she has substituted twenty-two starched petticoats in lieu of springs, an important point which I dare not venture on deciding. The fair Eugenie wore a dress of pink gauze, covered to the waist with tiny flounces; over this skirt she wore a slip of the thinnest and most transparent silver gauze, so thin and clear that, unless you were quite near her, it showed only like a vaporous shimmer, an indefinable lustrous something, producing, says my friend, the loveliest and most etherial effect imaginable. She wore a diadem of diamonds and silver, and a few diamonds stuck about her dress. She was very affable, and conversed pleasantly with the ladies presented to her, and seems to have impressed my friend with the conviction—generally shared by those who have seen her—that she is "the most graceful creature in existence." Without being regularly beautiful—for her nose is too long, her eyebrows are too high, and her teeth are defective—she is exceedingly pretty, and has a most sweet and charming face. As for her arms and shoulders, artists pronounce them perfect; as is the general build of her figure, the outlines, especially as seen from behind, being wonderfully graceful. Her grace of movement is proverbial, and her charm of manner is admitted by all. My friend, though greatly admiring her appearance, declares that she would be prettier had she not adopted the habit of painting her eyebrows (naturally too thin,) and the edge of the lower lids, as is now so much the fashion here, it being supposed to give brilliancy to the eyes. Whether her Imperial Majesty had rouged her cheeks, or not, my friend could not quite determine, but inclines to the belief that art had, there also, slightly aided nature. Altogether, the effect of the painting seems to be unfortunate, giving a look of artificiality, of straining after actress-like effects, not at all dignified, and impairing the appearance of a very graceful and lovely woman. The Emperor seemed in good spirits; was affable and agreeable; and rather surprised the lady in question by appearing like "an honest, kindly, and good sort of man;" an appearance not quite in character with her preconceived idea of him, and one which that problematical potentate would probably not be altogether ready to endorse.

By the extension of Paris to the fortifications, a change which took place with the arrival of the New Year, this capital, which formerly had but sixty gates, now possesses one hundred, and may take to itself the appellation of ancient Thebes. The deep moats, and green slopes, which now adorn its outer circumference, will no doubt be even more popular with the frequenters of suburban delights than they have been heretofore. An immense number of people went outside the old wall during the afternoon and evening of the last day of the old year, in order to make purchases of food, wood, wine, and all the other articles which pay duty at the gates before entering the city; and for some hours before midnight, the entire round of the capital was crowded by vehicles and foot-passengers, patiently waiting for the moment when they might pass through without being stopped by the harpies of the *octroi*. As the midnight hour was tolled by the countless steeples of Paris, the gates were thrown open, the octroi people retired, and the whole body entered Paris, and proceeded to their respective homes, delighted to have effected their little savings, and counting as nothing the trouble and loss of time by means of which they had been effected.

While Paris is thus trying to rival London, the latter city has robbed poor Paris of the presence of the wonder-worker, Home, who, after performing such amazing things in this very matter-of-fact capital, has now taken himself and his "powers" to the Modern Babylon on the banks of the Thames. A friend, there resident, has just written me a letter in which she declares that she has now seen writing produced *with no visible hand near the paper*; not, however, in the presence of Home, but of another "medium;" also that the said Home, has just been raised "to the ceiling of Mr. C———'s drawing-room, where he has written his name." A Mrs. N———, a lady who seems to be a sort of natural ghost-seer, and whom I know to be a very honest, well-meaning person, in good circumstances, and averse to everything like publicity, was present on this occasion, and avers that she saw "eight spirits" hoisting Home up, and bringing him down again, when the writing was duly made on the ceiling. To all the others present, Home seemed to be simply lifted up and down without any visible agency. My friend also informs me that the Reverend T. L. Harris, of New York, is in London, preaching, with great power, against the spiritualistic theory of America, and in behalf of the Gospel; and drawing great audiences.

What is our poor little planet coming to?

It is pleasant to turn from the distressing subject of spiritual-electricity, to the equally occult, but more manageable and decidedly more useful agent known as electro-magnetism, and which has been for some years employed with great success, in Sardinia, in weaving. This extraordinary improvement is due to the mechanical genius of M. Bonelli, Director of the electric telegraphs of that island. By a peculiar mechanical arrangement, a certain number of threads of the work are raised, and all the others depressed, and another cast of the shuttle leaves its weft between them. The pattern depends entirely upon the order in which the respective threads of the warp are raised and depressed. The peculiarity of the Jacquard loom consists in the use of perforated pieces of cardboard, through the holes in which some of the wires or small rods, one of which is attached to each thread in the warp, are allowed to slip, and thus to raise these threads, while the others are opposed to solid portions of the card. In the new invention, the design, traced in black varnish on the tin-foil paper, is placed in the band, as an endless band over a roller. A row of thin brass plates, terminating in points, touch with these points the pattern in a horizontal line right across it. These touching plates correspond in number with the threads of the warp; the pole of a magnetic battery is in contact with the tinfoil of the pattern. The electric current passes through the tinfoil, and enters every brass-plate in contact with it, which stands on the bare surface of the tin. The black varnish of the pattern is a non-conductor, and prevents the electricity from passing into any of the brass-plates touching the varnished portion of the tin-foil. The electric current passing through any one of the brass-plates is made to magnetise a little iron rod. The magnetised rod attracts another rod, and by the aid of the mechanism, the corresponding thread of the warp is elevated. In connection with which beautiful adaptation of scientific discovery, I may mention that a new galvanic pile has just been invented by M. Davy, and by him described in a paper he has communicated to the wise men of the Academy of Sciences. It has hitherto been believed that, in order to obtain a regular and powerful current, the substance intended to absorb the hydrogen, and to furnish the zinc with the acid which is to dissolve it, must be fluid also. M. Marie Davy shows that this is not the case, and that it is only necessary that the substance in question should be a good conductor, and reducible at the same time. With this view he selects sulphate and chloride of lead, the *former being quite insoluble* in water, and the latter nearly so. Sulphate of lead is produced in great quantities for the preparation of certain dye-stuffs, and may be had cheap. The zinc used in reducing the sulphate of lead will produce lead in a quantity that nearly covers the cost of the sulphate, so that the expense of this new pile is very trifling. It is arranged in columns; its electromotive power is not inferior to that of Daniel's battery; and a pile of this description has been in actual operation, since the 9th inst., at the Central Telegraph office.

A very curious discovery has also been made in another department of inquiry, by Professor Tischendorff, who has found in the old convent of Mount Sinai, a manuscript copy of the Bible, more ancient than any other yet discovered. This manuscript is asserted by the eminent paleographist by whom it has just been brought to light, to belong to a period "certainly not later than the first half of the fourth century," and consequently the oldest now extant in the world. The Vatican MS. can only compete with it as to the century, but is deficient in the textual completeness, seeing that it lacks five whole books of the New Testament alone, and altogether one-sixth of the entire Bible. The MS. in question, of which a translation will shortly be published by Professor Tischendorff, has been purchased by the Emperor of Russia, and is about to be photographed with a view to the production of a fac simile. The Professor has just published a very learned paper in support of the genuineness of the newly-discovered MS., and claims to be a good judge of the subject, having already published ten folio volumes derived from documents a thousand years old, and declares his conviction that the original will be regarded centuries hence, as a Christian national treasure, and that its translated copies will be hailed wherever the Christian faith prevails.

QUANTUM.

☞ A FRENCHMAN having heard the word "press" made use of—to imply persuade, press that gentleman to take some refreshments, press him to stay, &c.—thought he would show his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonymous term; and, he therefore made no scruple to cry out in company, "Pray, squeeze that lady to sing!"

☞ There is a racy old story of a peasant being taken by a Parisian of the court, in Louis Quartoze's wonderful time, to see the Sorbonne.

"There," said the town mouse, swelling with pride, one gloved hand stuck in his sword-belt—"there is where wise men have been arguing and disputing for two hundred years."

"Indeed!" said the country mouse, craftily and dangerously sarcastic in his very rustic ignorance—"and what have they decided?"

☞ I never saw a man proud of his moral force, or boasting of having put it forth in resistance of temptation, and in striving for universal virtue. I have sometimes been almost inclined to wish that I could see this pride; for men are proud only of that to which they attach importance, and I have wanted some proof that any look on moral energy as the true dignity of the soul.—*Channing.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The State Convention of the People's Party, passed a resolution recommending Senator Cameron to the Chicago Convention, as the candidate for the Presidency by yeas 89 to nays 38—five members not voting.

This was followed by the presentation of a resolution by Mr. Lowry for the appointment of a Committee of one from each Congressional district to report the names of electors and delegates to the Chicago Convention, and that the delegates so chosen be instructed to support the nomination of Simon Cameron. Mr. McClure proposed to amend this by submitting the election of delegates to the several Congressional districts.

A proposition was submitted, as a compromise, that the representatives of the several districts in the Convention name the delegates to Chicago, and that they be instructed for Cameron. This was further amended by providing that when the delegates from any Congressional District decline to present the name of any delegates to Chicago, in those districts the election of delegates to the Chicago Convention shall be referred to the people. It was also provided that in the districts where the delegates are already elected, such delegates be accepted by the Convention, and further, that instructions as to voting for Cameron, shall not apply to delegates not chosen by the Convention. The resolutions as thus amended, was adopted—yeas 127, nays 4.

An electoral ticket was then appointed—and delegates at large to the Chicago Convention, as follows:—David Wilmot, Henry D. Moore, Samuel A. Purviance, Andrew H. Reeder, Thaddeus Stevens, Titian J. Coffee, John H. Ewing, Morrow B. Lowrey. These delegates are said to all favor the nomination of Mr. Cameron. Twelve out of the twenty five district delegations will refer the choice of delegates to the people, and in two districts the people have already appointed.

Mr. Andrew G. Curtin, of Centre county, Secretary of State under Governor Pollock, was chosen as candidate for Governor. The highest vote in opposition was for Covode, 27—Curtin having 74 on the second ballot. The vote for Curtin was made unanimous.

MICHIGAN.—The Democratic State Convention presented Mr. Douglas as the choice of Michigan for the Presidency.

WISCONSIN.—In the State Convention, a resolution endorsing the course of Senator Douglas, was adopted by a vote of 165 yeas to 22 nays.

IOWA.—In the Democratic State Convention, the delegates to Charleston were instructed to vote for Douglas.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Opposition State Convention nominated by acclamation, John Poole, of Pasquatauk, for Governor, and adjourned *sine die.*

KANSAS.—Governor Medary has vetoed the bill abolishing slavery in the territory of Kansas. The Legislature has taken it up, and will probably pass it over the veto.

THE LOST STEAMSHIP HUNGARIAN.—The Hungarian, whose loss on Cape Sable was recently reported, was one of the Liverpool and Portland line, and was on her third voyage. Her destruction was rapid. Her lights were first seen at three o'clock on Sunday week morning, and by daylight scarcely anything was left of her. She is said to have been one of the staunchest vessels of the line; if so, the storm that drove her on must have been a very severe one. She was about 2,300 tons burthen, and was propelled by double engines of 350 horse power. She had four decks; the orlop deck, the 'tween deck, the main and *spar* decks. Her crew, all told, amounted to 110 men; including about *forty* stewards who have charge of the provisions and culinary department. In addition to the accommodations for 110 men of crew, she could find space for 150 cabin and 300 passengers. How many were actually on board is not known. The wreck of the Hungarian makes the fourteenth steamer which has been lost since the commencement of steam navigation between Europe and America, a period of over twenty years. The names of these vessels are as follows: President—never heard of; Columbia—all hands saved; Humboldt—all hands saved; City of Glasgow—never heard of; City of Philadelphia—all hands saved; Franklin—all hands saved; Arctic—a few only saved; Pacific—never heard of; Lyonnais—a few only saved; Tempest—never heard of; Austria, burnt—great loss of life; Indian—three lives lost; Argo—all hands saved; Hungarian—all hands lost, probably.

Further intelligence is received of the wrecked steamer Hungarian. Her supplementary mail bags have been received in a damaged condition. The bodies of a child and man, supposed to have been passengers on board the steamer, have been picked up; also, the steward's pocket-book, containing some of the passengers' names. There were about 30 cabin passengers.

PRESENTIMENT IN A DREAM.—This morning, a young lady, daughter of Heman Miller, Track Master of the Central Railroad, told her parents soon after she arose, that she had dreamed last night, that Mr. Keist, who attends the railroad bridge at Allen's Creek, was killed, and that Mrs. Keist came to the house to tell Mr. Miller. A short time after relating this dream, and while the family were at breakfast, Mrs. Keist came in to tell that her husband was killed by the cars last night at Brighton. So impressed was the girl with the force of her dream, that she ran to another room, when she saw the woman approaching the door, as she felt sure that she had a tale of sorrow to tell. Mr. Keist was a German, who had worked for a number of years on the railroad, under the direction of Mr. Miller, and his wife had often called at his house, and thus became well acquainted with the family. When Miss Miller told her dream, Mr. Miller had not heard of the accident; indeed, the Coroner having charge of the body did not know who the unfortunate man was. While there are thousands of dreams that are not premonitory, now and then there is one, that is, to say the least, co-incidental with actual occurrences, of which the dreamer knew nothing.—*Union and Advertiser.*

BADLY SOLD.—A little affair happened the other day which is too good to be lost. Mr. A. called on one of our farmers, and asked him the price of oats, and was informed that they were worth 35 cents per bushel. He agreed to pay 40 cents on condition that he should be permitted to *tramp* them in the half bushel. To secure the bargain he paid for twelve bushels, and the next day took his wagon and went after them. The farmer filled the half bushel, after which Mr. A. got in and gave them a most vigorous tramping, contracting their proportions considerably. The farmer thereupon emptied the oats into the bag without filling up the measure. Mr. A. raved, but it was no use; the farmer had complied with his part of the agreement, and, as an evidence, told Mr. A., after he had measured the oats, he might tramp them all day.—*Jersey Shore Republican.*

☞ A pedagogue recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all ships and vessels afloat, except mail steamers and men-of-war.

☞ WOMAN'S BEST RIGHT.—The Marriage Rite.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ Franklin tells us, in his account of the copper Indians, that old Keskanah, as the exordium of one of his speeches, said:—"It is very strange that I never meet with any one who is equal in sense to myself."

☞ The first man who jumped to a conclusion—Sam Patch.

THE WOMAN IN GRAY.

A CRIMEAN EPISODE.

BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

The barren plateau, on which the allied armies were encamped before Sebastopol, was naturally suggestive of many superstitions fancies among the troops. The outlying sentinel, with his eye at the uttermost degree of tension, to detect some crouching spy, eventually saw imaginary forms around him, and the darkness became peopled with the denizens of another world. Many stories of ghostly manifestations were current, very few of them possessing any other foundation than the imaginary fancy of the credulous soldier; but there are one or two authenticated stories of ghosts, one of which I will tell here, as I heard it from the lips of an officer of an Irish regiment, who was conversant with all the details.

A soldier, on being relieved from guard one winter's night, swore stoutly that he had been haunted during the whole period of duty by a woman in gray, who made signals to him, which he, good Catholic as he was, declined to follow. He was laughed at; but when the sentry on duty the next night told the same story, the most incredulous began to believe. When a week had passed away, and each night the same occurrence happened, the regiment was so infected with alarm, that the captain of the day thought it high time to interfere. For this purpose he summoned to his counsels one Patrick Leary, a Color Sergeant, who was popularly supposed, to fear neither man nor devil. The Captain lent the non-commissioned a revolver, bidding him fire if he found it absolutely necessary, but to do his best to capture the woman alive. Mr. Pat took a hearty drain of rum and went on sentry-go, much to the relief of the men warned for that night's duty.

It was a dark, misty night, when Pat commenced his duty round, and it was enough to make any man feel uncomfortable. The gallant Pat, however, so long as the effect of the rum lasted, whistled the "Night on which Larry was stretched" *sotto voce*, and stamped his feet to restore the chilled circulation. Somehow or another, though, he began to grow very lonely, and almost wished that the ghost would come, if only to bear him company. His wishes were soon fulfilled, for, hearing a slight sound, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, he saw a dusky form gibbering at him in the distance, Pat began rooping and mowing in reply, and the woman, apparently encouraged by this, drew nearer. Pat laid his firelock on the ground, as if to encourage the other, but placed his hand carefully on his revolver. There was nothing like being prepared, but if it were a woman—the thought fairly turned the honest Sergeant's mind. Ere long, the figure approached so near that Pat was enabled to challenge—

"Who goes there?"

"A friend!" the stranger replied, in a musical, though foreign voice.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," the Sergeant mechanically said.

He again approached. Pat, the moon broke out from behind a cloud, and enabled him to see the woman's features. The most astounding thing was the immense gray beard the figure wore. Pat, as a traveller, was accustomed to strange sights, but this surpassed all. In a second, though, the truth flashed upon him, and he made ready for action.

"Come here, my darlint," Pat said, artfully, but the woman did not seem inclined to obey. The moonlight had evidently destroyed the stranger's calculations. She fell back a step or two, and then turned to fly. But it was too late: Pat was after her with a tiger's bound, and, impeded by her petticoats, she stumbled and nearly fell. In a second, however, she recovered, and turned on the Sergeant with a most uncomfortable-looking yataghan.

"Tear an' 'ouns'," the Sergeant shouted, "the woman's the devil. I can stand nails, but these are rather too sharp."

A low, mocking laugh burst from the stranger's lips, as he tried to get between Pat and his musket. But the Sergeant was on his guard; pretending to fly, he managed to bear down within grasp of the woman, and caught at her capote. The next moment the yataghan had passed through the flesh part of his arm, but he did not relax his hold. He grappled with the stranger, but meeting with an unexpected resistance, he drew his revolver. The stranger clutched at it with frantic energy, and a terrible struggle ensued, which terminated by the pistol suddenly exploding; and the stranger fell to the ground with a groan, while Pat, weakened by the loss of blood, followed the example. The quarter-guard, aroused by the shot, soon hurried up to the spot, and both were borne into camp. The stranger was placed in a hut, and a surgeon fetched, and it was evident that the ghost in gray was a fine-looking old man. He was, however, declared to be in a very dangerous state, for the ball had passed through his lungs. His condition was kindly explained to him, and he told his story readily enough.

His name was Constantine, and he was by birth a Pole. Having been engaged in the revolution of 1831, he was saved from the death that fell to the lot of his comrades, to endure a worse fate. He and his family were transferred to Russia, and he was forced to perform the most degrading duties in the secret police. For twenty-three years he had endured the humiliation, for the sake of his wife and child, but he little reckoned what was in store for him. When the war with the allies became imminent, he was ordered, with his family, to Sebastopol, for he was a perfect French and German scholar; and when the campaign commenced, he was compelled to risk his life nightly, by going out to spy the progress the enemy made. Death stared him in the face either way; if he refused, the sentence passed upon him at Warsaw still remained in force, which, if he obeyed, he was in hourly risk of detection. Why not desert, you will ask? but the Russian police were Machiavels. His daughter Eudoxia, a lovely girl of three-and-twenty, was taken into the Governor's house, ostensibly to protect her from the horrors of the siege; but Constantine was given fully to understand that her life depended on his fidelity. The poor father was sorely distracted; his hatred of the Russians was counterbalanced by his love for his daughter, the only treasure he possessed in the world, for his wife had succumbed under the privations and exposure of a wintes journey across the steppe. Need I say that the father triumphed over the man? Constantine was a nightly visitor to our lines, and by the cleverness with which he played the character of a French or English linesman, long escaped detection.

At length, a dreadful ordeal was offered him; he was told that if he could only induce an English soldier to desert, from whom some valuable information might be obtained, his sentence would be reversed, and he would be free to go where he pleased with his daughter. Maddened by the thought of freedom, Constantine attired himself in feminine garb, hoping thus to attract some sentinel from his post. He would then wound him, though not dangerously, and drag him into the Russian lines. In fact, it grew a monomania with Constantine, that he must catch a Briton alive; but, unfortunately, in Sergeant Leary, he caught a tartar.

Such was the story he told, and which aroused considerable interest among the hearers. It reached the ears of Lord Raglan himself, who visited the prisoner, and bade him be of good cheer; no harm should befall him. But Constantine shook his head sadly; of what value was life to him now, when he was separated from his Eudoxia? I need not say that every kindness was shown the poor fellow, and the doctors vied with each other in their attention to him. But there was little chance of saving him; the wretched conical ball was apparently embedded in his back bone, and there was no prospect of moving it.

Pardon, reader, such a common-place story, but the end is not yet.

* * * * * * * * *

Two days later, Sergeant Leary, who had bound his flesh wound up, and laughed at it, was at work in the front parallel. He was sitting in the trench, smoking a very dirty, short pipe, and growling inwardly, when his wound gave him a twitch. It was a lovely night, and double caution had to be exercised, for the Russians were all alive, and seemed shooting for a wager at the men in the trenches. Pat philosophically took off his shako, and placed it on the top of the earthwork. In five minutes he took it down again, and lo! there were three Minie balls clean through it.

"Whirrah!" said Pat, as he comically surveyed the damage, "here's a patent ventilator."

"Lucky for you, Sergeant Leary," a young ensign remarked, "that your head wasn't in it."

"Arrah, your honor, and do you suppose that those dirty bullets would go through my head? It's all very easy with a regulation shako, for we know what that is made of; but an Irishman's head is formed of stronger materials."

A suppressed laugh ran along the trenches, and Pat, who was not at his best out.

"Boys!" he remarked, with solemn pathos, "since the unlucky day that I landed in this filthy country, not a night has passed that I haven't put at least a pint of bad sperrits into this carcass of mine, and there is not a man among you can say he has seen me the worse for it. It wants a purty daisunt head to stand the raki we get up here, for it would take the roof off a house; so I think my head is safe against a ball sent by Russian powder. Hillo! what's their game now, I wondher!"

The men jumped up involuntarily, for the firing from the Russian guns had grown tremendous. Forgetting all caution, they sprang on the breastwork, naturally supposing that the enemy meditated a sortie. They were in perfect safety, however; all the bullets were at present directed at a single figure, which was crossing the open at frantic speed. Our men cheered heartily, as the stranger pressed on, utterly reckless of the shower of lead, and some two or three fellows, Leary at their head, rushed out to rescue him. Great was the Sergeant's surprise though, when he recognized in the stranger the Woman in Gray. But there was no time for inquiry. The Russians had opened all their batteries, as if disgusted at not bringing down their victim, and for an hour the very earth shook with the vibration. Suddenly the fire died away, as we did not condescend to reply to it; the moon retired behind a cloud in disgust, and there was silence for the rest of the night.

In the meanwhile, Sergeant Leary had convinced himself that this Mr. Jones was not that Mr. Jones; the stranger, instead of wielding a yataghan, employed a far more dangerous weapon in a pair of the most lovely eyes ever seen. Then, in a most seductive voice, (Leary swore afterwards that he understood every word, but don't believe him,) she asked after her father's welfare. She spoke in French, and, at any rate, the officer of the watch comprehended her, and sent a party with her at once to head-quarters. Lord Raglan no sooner heard of the heroism she had displayed, in order to join her father, than he gave directions that she should be treated with all possible kindness, and have free access to the prisoner. Her presence was better than all the doctor's stuff to Constantine; he rapidly recovered, but Eudoxia's duties were not over then. By some stupid mistake, Leary managed to run his renowned head against a Minie ball, which sadly injured his personal appearance, and for some reason or another, Eudoxia insisted on nursing him. It may be that his repeated visits to her father had touched her heart, but what do I know? All I can say is, that I nursed Sergeant Leary's youngest girl the other day, when I went in for an ounce of tobacco, at a shop, not a hundred miles from Leicester Square, and was requested to wait and see Father Constantino, who has a very comfortable engagement as interpreter at one of our police courts. With him I smoked a refreshing pipe, and he confirmed all the details of the story I now lay before the reader.

☞ Politeness is like an air-cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

THE WEED AND THE FLOWER.

A DOMESTIC OPERA.

Laura.

It's really provoking, you will go on smoking,
The smell's never out of these curtains of ours,
And the money, good lack, oh! you spend in tobacco
Would buy me such loves, dearest Henry, of flowers.

Henry.

My dear, you are joking, I can't give up smoking,
Without it I should not be able to do;
And as for the flora you talk of, dear Laura,
Believe me, I care for no flower, love, but you.

Laura. It's really provoking;
Henry. My love, you are joking;
Laura and Henry. You will go on / I can't give up } smoking;
Both. What is one to do?
Laura. I might have such roses;
Henry. Some folks have fine noses;
Laura and Henry. And marriage / A husband } supposes
Both. Compliance a due.

Henry.

My child, leave off crying, I meant not denying
One innocent pleasure that sweetly beguiles,
Accept this small cheque, love, and hasten to deck, love,
Your tables with flowers, and your features with smiles.

Laura.

Oh, Henry, my darling, forgive my slight snarling,
You're really too good to me, Henry, by far;
But now my behaviour shall merit your favor,
Do let your own Laurakins light your cigar.

Both.

In future united we'll live, and delighted
To please one another by words and by deeds,
And often, shall Henry's gift-Flowers be requited
By Laura's presenting her darling with Weeds.

A FIGHT OR A FEAST.

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

The companions in arms of the great Duke are now fast disappearing. First scattered over the surface of the earth, they are now, except here and there a veteran, enshrined within its bosom. I would look back upon a very humble few of this disbanded host, almost all of them shadows at present, at the time when peace first broke them up, and half-pay had driven many of them abroad to economize their means, till they should be restored to active service. How distant that time appears now—the whole world has become so transformed since! Why, one seems in the retrospect to have outlived centuries! Steam and electricity have given, even to the middle-aged man, a kind of Methuselah longevity. He looks back to former things of his own experience as if centuries had intervened. To have so long survived a distinct period of time, illustrated by the brightest names, all gone "where the archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake them," is, however, somewhat melancholy. But not to dwell on this thought, I turn to the sunny [illegible], which has suggested the saddening but not unpleasing reflection.

Some of the poorer half pays of 1815, who had nothing but their half-pay to live upon, were among the first to discover the very little on which one may live decently abroad.—Avoiding Paris and the great cities, they betook themselves mostly to little third-rate provincial towns in the south of France. Here an ensign's guinea a week made him quite comfortable. He was richer than a French lieutenant on full pay, and than many civil officials in the provinces, moving in the best society. Besides, "economy is the life of the army," and an old soldier knows how to practise it better than any man. He can do everything for himself; prepare his own breakfast, cook his own dinner, not only brush his own coat, but polish his own boots, and, if need be, darn his own stockings.

I had two companions with me when I embarked from London for Bordeaux. We were two ensigns and a lieutenant; but one of the ensigns had entered the service as a volunteer, and had seen many campaigns, so that he was an old soldier, though a young officer. We were all bent on economy, the French language, and adventure. We had but little money, and just as little French among us, only one of us being a thoroughly understandable Frenchman. But we were free from care, and full of buoyancy, and we made our little means do wonders. According to the rules and regulations made and provided on starting from England, our culinary capacities were put in requisition for our dinner daily, as we had determined to avoid the habitual frequentation of taverns. One of us soon became famous for a *pot au feu*, another for an *omelette*, and a third for the more scientific operation of mixing a salad—a talent which, as he possessed it in an unrivalled degree of excellence, gained him afterwards, at Constantinople, the *soubriquet* among his friends of "Sultan Saladin," a distinction of which he was not a little proud. And then it was altogether curious and admirable to behold with what a sprucness and dash an old soldier would turn out after going through all these interesting little domesticities. His carefully-preserved mufti suit had, to be sure, evidently, like himself, seen service, but it commanded, for the wearer's sake, only the more respect on that account, for he knew how to put it on, and how to bear himself in it, in a style that no civilian could imitate.

Economizing English families had already begun to gipsy all over France. There were two or three of them in the neighborhood of Montauban, about forty leagues from Bordeaux, where we took up our quarters. They were about £2,000 or more a-year people in England, where they were probably somewhat in debt, and they lived in voluntary exile, like magnificoes among the natives, hardly expending the fourth of their income. We soon became acquainted with them, were the "oft-invited," and indeed, in a short time, indispensable to all their parties, promenades and picnics.

A circumstance, however, which had some fun in it, and which we have since afterwards told successfully as a rather good story, introduced us in a little time to some new acquaintances.

There was a French garrison at Montauban. In it there were a good many of Napoleon's old officers. Now, the mind of every old soldier of the Empire was, just at this juncture, a perfect blister of irritation against the English. A sore recollection of his country's defeats, and of our triumphs, met him at every turn; and our insular manner, prejudices and pride—none of their repelling angularities being then at all softened down—greatly exasperated his acute susceptibilities to take offence. Other classes in France did not feel the French reverses in anything like the same degree.—They had groaned under the imperial regime, and though of course they disliked the English, they were benefited by them; and, looking on them from a commercial point of view, were fully aware that English residents and travellers constituted the most profitable article of domestic commerce that had ever been known in their country. The *militaires*, however, for several years after Waterloo, felt a thoroughly unalloyed hatred towards the nation which had taken the lead in vanquishing and humbling their idol, and were particularly fierce and defiant towards the islanders, especially towards English officers. But it so happened that several of them were lodged in the house in which we had our apartment.—We often met them on the stairs, when, curling their mustachios, and letting their sabres clank against the steps, they passed us with an air of superb disdain, which often at first provoked a little demonstration on our parts, generally expressed in a careless whistle, as if unconscious of their presence. Being, however, of the victorious party, we determined to be magnanimous, and to avoid in future everything in our manner that might give offence. This was not successful policy; it encouraged, instead of checking, the bravadoing airs of the Bonapartist heroes. Their mustachios were curled more fiercely, their sabres clanked more defiantly, an insolent stare being often fixed upon us at the same time, whilst the very delicate imprecations of *mille tonnerres, ros bif*, etc., were muttered audibly as they banged the door of their apartment after them, or strode into the street before us. It was, indeed, getting pretty evident that these *braves de l'Empire* were resolved to *venger l'honneur de la France* by seeking a quarrel with at least one of us. And we, on our part, thought it high time to bring matters to a crisis, and so put an end to those daily affronts, which were becoming too marked to be overlooked, when an incident occurred intended to provoke a challenge, which terminated as desired, though not exactly in the same sense, in giving *satisfaction* to all parties.

The house in which we lodged had six or seven windows in front. Three of these on the first floor belonged to our rooms, the others to those of the French officers. The weather being warm and fine, the windows were one morning, just after breakfast, all open, and we could very well hear anything noisy going on in each other's apartments. On the morning in question, whilst we were [illegible] a cigar, our after-breakfast talk—by-the-by, the pleasantest to an idle man in the whole twenty-four hours—was disturbed by what seemed to be a scuffle in our neighbors' rooms. Then there was a guffaw of gruff, rather suppressed, mischief-making laughter; then there lighted in our room, thrown with violence, something tied up in a piece of dirty paper. On opening it, we found an enormous rat, and on the paper written, "For the Englishmen's dinner." Considering the antecedents of those from whom this amiable present of "small deer" came, there could be no doubt about its intention; and two of us were so hot in our resentment, that but few minutes would have elapsed before a most wrathful retort took place, had not the third, one of the coolest and most imperturbable old soldiers of the Peninsular army, interposed. He locked the door first, put the key in his pocket, and shut down the windows, that the explosion of our anger might neither find vent nor be overheard, when he very quietly said: "These are not such bad fellows after all. Their education has been neglected, poor fellows, that's evident; but we'll give them a lesson in politeness this morning, and dine with them this evening, or my name is not Mike Flannigan." Mike then proceeded, whilst carefully mending a pen, to dilate upon the essentially military virtue, as he called, it of gentlemanliness. "Never forget, boys, dignity and decorum. For my part, I could never with any satisfaction in life meet an enemy in battle without, if occasion served, showing him the most scrupulous courtesy and politeness. And mind, boys, no one but a brave man *can* be polite in the midst of danger; and to my thinking, one who is not polite then is a poltroon." By this time his pen was nibbed, a sheet of the best gilt-edged note paper before him, and, mustering all his French to his assistance, Mike wrote as follows:—

"Messieurs les Anglais presentent leur compliments aux officiers Francais, sont bien sensible de leur politesse, mais seront bien faches de leur priver de leur meilleur plat." (The English gentlemen present their compliments to the French officers, are very sensible of their politeness, but should be sorry to deprive them of their best dish).

This note, neatly folded, was sealed with the large coat-of-arms of the Flannigans—the last remaining heir-loom, the only surviving bit of family property, indeed, that Mike possessed. The "small deer" was then enveloped in a sheet of clean white paper, sealed up similarly, and the man-servant belonging to the establishment was summoned to take both to the French officers, with the compliments of the English gentlemen.

Up then went our windows, to hear the result. "Eh! mais mes amis nous avons faite une grande betise. Ma foi, c'est bien riposte. Nous avons en tort. Il faut faire l'amende, et sans hesiter. Peste! il n'y a pas a choisir" —(We have done a very foolish thing, friends; the retort is really good: we are in the wrong, and must apologize without hesitation. Bah! there's no avoiding it)—were the words we heard; and a minute or two afterwards, *entrez* to a rap at our door brought before us the three culprits, who had so often curled their mustachios at us, with apologies so frank and hearty that we became friends with them in a moment, and accepted, fulfilling Mike's prophecy, to his great delight, their invitation to dine with them on that day; for, said they, "the honor of the *cuisine Francaise* is at stake, and it is therefore incumbent on us to efface forever from your minds as speedily as possible, the impression you seem to entertain with respect to our best dish."

And thus a soft answer turned away strife, and led to "a feast instead of a fight."

A NIGHT ON THE ICE.

Shortly after my arrival in Canada, a severe accident, received on a shooting expedition, caused me to be placed for a time under the hospitable roof of the stipendary magistrate of Tircouaga, one of the prospective cities of the far west; and during the severe illness that followed, I could not have received more kindness had I been in my own home. When I left the woods the tints of autumn were flushing them with crimson and orange, as if their leaves had suddenly burst into blossom; but ere I looked on them again their glories had all vanished beneath the stern sway of the northern winter, with its train of biting frosts and deep snows, while the broad winding Tircouaga river, which I had last seen so blue and wavy, was now hushed and stilled by the universal ice-fetter.

To me, but recently arrived from England, it seemed strange how, amid so wild a solitude, this advent of a six or seven months' winter could be welcomed as I saw it by those around me. I did not yet know that winter was the only season when the bonds of their isolation were loosened, nor that the snow was the magician smoothing the difficulties of social intercourse in a district where neighbors dwelt miles apart, and the roads between them were mere lanes cut through the primeval forest, and abounding in holes, and ruts, and stumps of trees.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered, I was the companion of Mr. Norton and his daughters in all these exchanges of courtesy; and if I cared little for the visiting, I greatly enjoyed the drives in the swiftly-gliding sleigh over the gleaming snow; while, instead of leaves, the trees above our heads were hung with icicles, sparkling and flashing in the sunshine, like the ruby and emerald fruit and foliage of eastern story; and the long rhythmical chimes of our sleigh bells echoing through the arches of the trees, were the only sounds, save our own laughter, that broke the silence of those ancient woods.

We went to merrymakings, too—real backwoods "frolics"—held in rude barns, whose decorations were essentially rustic, but where the warmth of the hospitality compensated for every deficiency; the friend of a guest was kindly welcomed, the passing traveller was pressed to stay, and the wandering merchant, with his stores of finery and news, was received with delight, especially by the fair sex. Then the home-coming was almost as merry; the [illegible] ing cheerily through the midnight woods, and the joyous leave-takings of the occupants as each went his separate way.

On one occasion we had been to one of these festivities, some six or seven miles beyond the Tircouaga, and were returning home in two light one-horse sleighs, the first containing Mr. Norton and his elder daughter, the second her sister and myself. The night was calm and beautiful in its dim snow-light, and the red glow of the northern streamers above our heads flashed and leaped and quivered in a thousand brilliant coruscations; while strangely and sweetly through the gray old woods sounded the clear girlish voices of the sisters, as from the different sleighs they sang in alternate stanzas one of the quaint old ballads of the middle ages. At length we reached the banks of the Tircouaga, which lay between us and our home, a mirror of ice, and we at once commenced its passage. As we swept quickly on, it seemed to me that some other sound mingled with the firm footfalls of the horses, and the chime of their bells—a low threatening murmur like the echo of a distant tempest. But Mr. Norton drove gaily on, as if he either heard it not, or thought nothing of it, and I dismissed it from my mind, until as we drew near the centre of the river, strange dark spots, like cloud-shadows, began to fleck its beaming surface.

The next instant one appeared right on Mr. Norton's path, and too close for him to avoid. With a long leap the horse bounded over it, and as the sleigh was drawn quickly after, there was a plash that told it had struck against water. I could see Mr. Norton spring hurriedly up.

"Back, back, for your lives!" he cried to us; "the ice is breaking up!"

I turned to follow his directions, but it was too late—two or three such spots lay between us and the bank. I looked around; they were rapidly appearing on every side; and then I remembered to have heard the ice of the Tircouaga, like that of several other Canadian rivers, was treacherous in consequence of hot springs in the bed of the river, which at times burst forth; and that particularly in the early part of the winter the morning would see the river covered with ice, of which before evening not a trace would remain.

Perceiving how matters were, Mr. Norton bade us follow him, and quickly, for that not a moment was to be lost; and then dashed off at a rapid pace for the opposite bank, leaping the chasms, and speeding lightly on over the frozen portions, as if he hoped by swiftness to diminish the danger; and with the same breathless speed we hastened on in his rear.

Meanwhile, larger and more numerous grew those dark blue spaces, and longer and more frequent our horses' leaps. At length there came a chasm mine could not venture. I looked eagerly round for some more favorable spot; but as my eye glanced onward, it fell on constantly-widening water, until it had gone the circuit; and, with a sensation of surprise and horror, I perceived that we stood upon an ice island, from which the surrounding ice was rapidly retreating. I looked after Mr. Norton but, unsuspicious of what had happened, he was still making his way with arrowy speed across the ice; so I felt we were left to our own efforts for escape, and my utter inexperience rendered the chances few indeed, unless we should again draw near enough to the main ice to leap the space between; and none can tell how anxiously I watched each movement of our raft as it began to yield to the influence of the current. But each fathom that we were swept down the river seemed to bear us an equal distance from its icy borders, and we soon found ourselves floating on a comparatively open space of water, and surrounded by numerous ice-islets.

I could almost have echoed poor Annie's cry of agony when the certainty of our position burst upon her, so fearful was it. Alone at midnight, on a fragment of ice, floating down a rapid river whose future course I knew not, while on each side stretched tracts of crumbling ice, and beyond them rose banks of inaccessible steepness! What could exceed the desolation of such a position, and what hope could it leave to us of life? While, to complete our misery, we had not even the power to struggle against our fate, but must passively await its coming.

How deeply I pitied my young companion, as she sat there weeping such bitter tears. It was hard for her to part with life, after sixteen years of such bright and joyous experience as hers had been; hard to lay it down thus suddenly and fearfully, absent from all she loved, and yet harder the unresolvable fears for her father's and sister's safety which our own danger had awakened. I tried to utter words of consolation as I wrapped the poor girl in the buffalo robes from the chill night air that our inaction rendered doubly cold. She looked a sad contrast to the bright creature of the last few hours, whose joyous ballad-strains were yet lingering in my ears. But when the first shock was over, poor Annie struggled bravely with her grief, and during the remainder of that long, dreary night of peril she sat calmly by my side, the most patient and resigned companion man ever had in danger.

Meanwhile, the river was bearing us swiftly on past rocky headlands, and dark pine forests, waving above lofty cliffs, on to yet wilder and sterner regions, where it seemed even the red man would scarce pitch his wigwam. Sometimes the river swept us smoothly along on its broad bosom, at others it contracted into narrower limits, and hurried on with a quicker current; and as our frail raft was swayed about by the broken water, we oft-times thought either that it would part, or we be swept from its slippery surface, while every now and then our poor horse beat the ice wildly with his hoof, and, as he recognized its unsoundness, his long shrill cries of distress and terror rang far and wide over the river, and quivered through the dismal woods beyond.

Day at length broke upon us, still floating down that lonely river, between its frowning banks, and on our raft, whose limits were now small indeed. Death seemed close upon us in one of his most repulsive forms, and we no longer pretended blindness to his coming, but spoke together as they should whose hour was at hand.

[illegible] and, aided by the waters of another river, which here fell into it, spread almost to the dimension of a lake; but still it was bordered by those monotonous, wall-like banks, shutting out every hope. At length we sighted something like a chasm dividing the cliff down to the water's edge. I sprang to my feet in a moment. Here was at least a chance of life—the first that during all those wretched hours had presented itself—and I resolved at once to profit by it.

Without a moment's delay the horse was cast loose from the shafts, and Annie was tied securely to his back, then with a few words of encouragement and hope to the poor young girl, doomed to so many hardships and dangers, I took the halter in my hand, and sending the horse into the water, leaped in myself, and then commenced swimming to the shore.

But the struggle was a long and arduous one, for we were more than a mile from the land, and both the horse and I were cramped and stiffened with cold. Many a time I thought the effort was in vain, and that neither the horse nor I would ever reach the shore, that, to my weariness, seemed to recede as we advanced. Moreover, the current pressed strongly against us, striving to sweep us down beyond our goal, against the steep rocky barrier that lined the water. Fortunately the hot springs had raised the temperature of the water, for poor Annie's girlish form was almost hidden in it, as the waves gurgled and surged around her, sometimes even sweeping above her head. But the young girl's courage rose with the occasion, and she bore unmurmuringly this new phase of suffering.

But they strive hard whose prize is life, and after more than an hour of hope, and doubt, and fear, we reached the land we had never hoped to tread again. As we emerged from the water, the wintry wind pierced through our saturated clothing, with an icy chill that threatened to freeze them on us. Providentially, in our need, we found a settler's house near at hand, where we obtained dry clothes, refreshment, and the loan of a horse and sleigh, in which we were soon speeding along the road to Tircouaga. As we proceeded, fresh fears for her father's and sister's fate assailed poor Annie, which were only set at rest when she found herself in their arms.

Since then, the chances of a soldier's life have brought me through many adventures, but none have left so deep an impression on my mind as that long and terrible night upon the ice; nor shall I ever cease to remember with deep affection and esteem the young girl who was my gentle and heroic companion in its suffering and danger.

ANDREW MITCHELL.

☞ People of small intellect are very dangerous enemies, because they are likely to have few extraneous thoughts to divert them from their immediate object of malice; because they are shrewd noticers of personalities, and personal weaknesses; because there is nothing which a fool and a mean man enjoy so much as to catch a wise and honest one at a disadvantage.

A MAN'S WOOING.

You said, last night, you did not think
In all the world of men
Was one true lover—true alike
In deed and word and pen:—

One knightly lover, constant as
The old knights, who sleep sound:
Some women, said you, there might be—
Not one man faithful found!

Not one man, resolute to win,
Or, winning, firm to hold
The woman, not all women—sought
Herself and not her gold:

Not one whose noble life and pure
Had power so to control
To humble loving loyalty
Her free, but reverent soul.

That she beside him gladly moved
Both sovereign and slave;
In faith unfettered, homage dear,
Each claiming what each gave.

And then you dropped your eyelids white,
And stood, a maiden brave,
Proud, sweet:—unloving and unloved
Descending to the grave.

I let you speak, and ne'er replied;
I watched you for a space,
Until that passionate glow, like youth,
Had faded from your face.

No anger show'd I—nor complaint:
My heart's beats shook no breath,
Although I knew that I had found
Her, who brings life or death;

The woman, true as life or death;
The love, strong as these twain,
Against which seas of mortal fate
Beat harmlessly in vain.

"Not one true man!" I hear it still,
Your voice's clear cold sound,
Upholding all your constant swains
And good knights underground.

"Not one true lover!"—woman, turn;
I love you. Words are small;
'Tis life speaks plain: In twenty years
Perhaps you may know all.

I seek you. You alone I seek:
All other women, fair
Or wise, or good, may go their way,
Without my thought or care.

But you I follow day by day,
And night by night I keep
My heart's chaste mansion lighted, where
Your image lies asleep.

Asleep! If e'er to wake He knows
Who Eve to Adam brought,
As you to me: the embodiment
Of boyhood's dear sweet thought,

And youth's fond dream and manhood's hope,
That still half hopeless shone
Till every rootless vain ideal
Commingled into one.

You; who are so diverse from me,
Yet seem as much my own
As this my soul, which formed apart
Dwells in its bodily throne;—

Or rather, for *that* perishes,
As these our two lives are
So strangely, marvellously drawn
Together from afar;

Till week by week and month by month
We liker seem to grow,
As two hill streams, flushed with rich rain,
Each into the other flow.

I swear no oaths, I tell no lies,
Nor boast I never knew
A love-dream—we all dream in youth—
But waking, I found *you*,

The real woman, whose first touch
Aroused to highest life
My real manhood. Crown it then,
Good angel, friend, love, wife.

Imperfect as I am, and you,
Perchance not all you seem,
We two together, garner up
Our past's bright, broken dream.

We two together dare to look
Upon the years to come,
As travellers, met in far countrie,
Together look towards home.

Come home, the old tales were not false,
Yet the new faith is true:
Those saintly souls who made men knights
Were women such as you.

For the great love that teaches love
Deceived not, ne'er deceives:
And she who most believes in man
Makes him what she believes.

Come! if you come not, I can wait;
My faith, like life, is long;
My will—not little; my hope much:
The patient are the strong.

Yet come, ah, come! The years run fast,
And hearths grow swiftly cold—
Hearts too: but while blood beats in mine
It holds you and will hold.

And so before you it lies bare—
Take it or let it lie,
It is an honest heart: and yours
To all eternity.

Doctor.—"How do you do to-day?"
Stranger—"Pretty well *for me*."
Doctor.—"How are the old folks?"
Stranger.—"Quite well, *considering*."
Doctor.—"Anything new in your section?"
Stranger.—"Well, no—nothing very. I s'pose you heard old aunty was dead?"
Doctor.—"No, I had not. She must have died suddenly."
Stranger.—"Well, yes, rather sudden *for her!*"

☞ Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history that the *softest* water is caught when it rains the *hardest*?

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

I.

On the summit of one of those undulations which gently swell on every side from Hampstead-heath, there stands a large house, somewhat fantastically constructed.

Seen at a distance, this house forms a kind of landmark, its battlements and flying buttresses making it a conspicuous object in the view.

But it is only from a distance that the house can be well seen, for, on a nearer approach, the high road sinks beneath a bank bordered by dark fir-trees, which nearly surrounded the domain and give the place, on its only accessible side, a very gloomy appearance.

About twenty years ago this cheerless aspect was greatly increased by neglect. At the entrance was a lodge which had been half built and then abandoned; two tall pillars were there, with no gate between them, and a broad, open track, rather than a road, led up to the house itself, which was green with the damp that streaked its stuccoed walls.

These indications of a newly erected dwelling were confirmed by everything around. The grounds were all in disorder, the shrubberies thinly planted, the garden walls rough and ragged; near the portico lay fragments of a frieze that had never been put up; the skeleton of a gigantic conservatory displayed its huge, bare ribs; a large stone basin, intended for a fountain, remained waterless; nothing seemed finished; and the general impression was that of a grand undertaking suddenly arrested midway.

The cause of this desolation was the bankruptcy of the person for whom the house was originally built. He was a city broker, named Ardmore, who, speculating wildly, had failed in a great commercial panic. Mr. Ardmore's principal creditor, who became the trade assignee, held a heavy mortgage on the Hampstead property, and when the bankrupt's affairs were wound up, Ardmore House, as the place was called, passed easily into his hands.

The new proprietor, also a broker, and commonly known among city men as old Dick Crowther, was enormously rich, and, if he had been so minded, might speedily have completed his predecessor's unfinished designs; but either he had no taste for improving or did not like the expense of it, for although he immediately took up his abode at Ardmore House, he refused to lay out a single shilling on embellishments. The lodge entrance was stopped by an ordinary swing-gate which served for all purposes, the fences were repaired where broken, the land was converted into pasture, but the shrubberies were allowed to dwindle, the garden plots held no flowers, the sculptured frieze sank deeper in the ground, no glass covered the conservatory, the fountain continued dry, mildew still stained the walls—and except that the grounds were shut in and partly turned to a useful end, the change in their appearance was not very striking.

The interior of Ardmore House was rather more satisfactory than its outside promised. A good deal of money had been spent in making it habitable by the man who never had the fortune, good or bad, to live there. It is true he did not furnish it, but, as far as he had proceeded, it was fitted up very completely. Mr. Ardmore, like most people who make money with rapidity—keep it how they may—was fond of decoration, and the fashion of the day being in favor of Gothic art, the Gothic style prevailed; all the rooms down stairs were pannelled with oak, light was filtered through narrow casements, the passages were long and dark, the staircases wide, and heavy with cumbrous and grotesque carving. What Mr. Ardmore might have done with the upper rooms, could only be guessed at, for the ruin which overtook him had left them bare. This mattered little, however, to old Dick Crowther, who found space enough below for his own occupation and that of his family.

That family consisted only of himself and five servants; an elderly housekeeper, two young women, who divided the household work between them, a gardener, and a groom, who, when not in his stable, was employed in all sorts of ways in-doors. A larger family than this might have tenanted Ardmore House, had its owner so willed it, for old Dick Crowther was neither childless nor without relations. But he lived apart from his own kindred, having quarrelled with and discarded his only son, a young man of seven or eight-and-twenty, who, in opposition to his commands, had married a beautiful but penniless girl; as for his relations, they were all in straitened circumstances—a reason quite sufficient with him not to notice them; and for acquaintance, he made none, receiving visits from nobody except the man of law in whom he put his trust.

Though not absolutely a miser, old Dick Crowther was what is called "close." He had realized by his own exertions every farthing of his large fortune, and occupied in making money all his life, felt no inclination to spend it. Neither was he fitted by temperament to dissipate any part of his means by seeing company or mixing with society. He was of a morose and malicious nature, had always a sour or spiteful word for everybody, and those who had business to transact with him were never so well pleased as when their business was over. But it was not necessary for him to speak to declare his character; the face of old Dick Crowther left none in doubt, if any faith were to be placed in physiognomy, what manner of man they had before them.

His figure was spare and under the middle height, and a habit of stooping made him look much shorter than he really was; his arms were so disproportionately long that his wiry fingers reached below his knees, while his lower limbs were bowed and short; yet with these apparent disadvantages he possessed great strength and activity, and even advancing years did not seem greatly to diminish these qualities. But you almost forgot his ungainly form when you looked upon his face—it was of such exceeding ugliness. His small, gleaming eyes were deeply sunk in his head, and buried beneath a brow "villanously low" that receded at a rapid angle; his nose was nearly flat, his upper lip very long, his mouth wide but compressed, deep wrinkles furrowed his sallow cheeks, and his chin was lost in a fringe of white whisker which encircled his jaws from ear to ear; what had been the color of his hair was a mystery of the past, for within the recollection of man he had always worn a short, stiff-set wig, which the many whom he had played false in the course of his dealings said—when he was out of hearing—was the only real thing about him.

For three years after taking possession of Ardmore House, old Dick Crowther kept the even tenor of his way, making life uncomfortable to his few dependants, who dreaded alike to see or hear him, yet who lingered on in his service, in the hope—common enough with the class—that he would leave them something when it should "please the Lord," as they said, to remove him from this world.

That event appeared, to them especially, a long while in coming: but the much-desired tokens came at last. At the end of the third year, when the word "unbearable," as applied to their master's conduct, was freely circulated through the house, and "warning" was on every servant's lip, old Dick Crowther was taken ill.

One cold December afternoon, just as it was getting dusk, the front-door bell of Ardmore House was rung several times in quick succession, and with unusual violence, and Thomas, the groom, hurrying up, found that his master's eagerness to get in, was the cause of the hasty summons. There was just light enough for him to see that old Dick Crowther, generally so calm and collected, was in a state of extreme agitation, and looked, to use Thomas's phrase, "quite scared." In answer to the question if anything was the matter, Mr. Crowther said he had been standing about too long in the grounds, and thought he had caught a chill; he should be better, no doubt, after a glass of hot brandy-and-water, which he desired might be sent up to him at once.—He delivered this order with so little of his customary harshness—it sounded even gently in Thomas's ears—that the groom was filled with surprise, and it became that evening the subject of much comment in the kitchen, Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, expressing it as her opinion that she should not be astonished "if something happened."

She was a true prophet, for when she called Mr. Crowther next morning, he told her he had had a very bad night, and thought, if he did not get better soon, he must have a doctor; he would wait a little, however: the uncomfortable sensations—he could not well describe them—might pass away if he stayed quietly in bed.

For old Dick Crowther to keep his bed was indeed a wonder, and would have made a jubilee in Ardmore House that day, if something mysterious had not been attached to the circumstance. There was more talk in the kitchen, but it was in a lower tone than ordinary, as if a sense of dread pervaded the household; and when one or another went up to listen at "master's door," the report brought back was invariably to the effect that he was talking to himself, which Thomas said was a sign he was "going into Illyrium."

A remoter country seemed, however, to be his more probable destination, for, as the day wore away, Mr. Crowther became evidently worse.

"Such strange tremblings and startings all of a sudden," said Mrs. Jones, "I never yet was a witness to. And that last paracism when he gave a screech that you might have heard on the top of Hampstead-heath, was most awful! I told him then I thought he ought for to see the doctor without no more delay, which he agreed to it with a shiver, and so, Thomas, you must ride off to St. John's-wood, and fetch the nighest."

II.

Mrs. Jones's advice had not been taken too soon, for when the medical man arrived, whose "signal of distress"—his colored lamp—had caught Thomas's eye as he galloped up the Finchley-road, he did what most doctors generally do in the first instance—looked grave, and shook his head.

"Pulse," said Mr. Gorrick, pausing and ejaculating—"pulse soft and weak—circulation languid—rigor—animal heat deficient—voice feeble—any cough?—hum—ha!—debility—yes, a good deal of debility—mustn't fast too long—shouldn't be exposed to cold—dangerous at a certain time of life—stimulants necessary—send something to do good—meantime, Mrs. Jones—kind enough—nice beef tea—soon as possible—half an hour after, glass of old port wine—medicine at bedtime, that is to say, usual flour—needn't be uneasy—only want restoratives—do very well—see him in the morning."

Having comforted his patient, Mr. Gorrick left the room, followed closely by Mrs. Jones, who, wanting something a little stronger in the way of opinion to descant upon down stairs, asked him, when she was fairly outside, what he really thought of her master's condition.

"You have lived here some time?" inquired Mr. Gorrick, in reply.

"Not here, but with Mr. Crowther going on for five-and-twenty years."

"Then I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Jones, that I suspect"—he leaned forward and whispered—"I suspect the heart is affected; what we term 'dilatation with attenuation.' How old is Mr. Crowther?"

"Eighty-one, sir, next birthday."

"Hum—ha! See he takes what I send.—Good-night, Mrs. Jones. Call early, to-morrow."

"No!" said Mrs. Jones, to herself, as she closed the door on Mr. Gorrick, "he's wrong there. Nothing ever affected *his* heart. Look at Master James and his young family; poor starving things!"

Whether it were the beef-tea, the port wine, the medicine, a combination of all three, or the gradual fading away of the exciting cause of illness, is uncertain, but Mr. Crowther seemed better on the following day. The symptoms, Mr. Gorrick said, were alleviated, and his patient, encouraged by his words, turned his thoughts, from the fear which had possessed them, into their old channel. There was a sum of money lying at his banker's—doing nothing, as he grumbled—about investing which he was anxious. He must consult Mr. Vowles, his attorney, respecting the security which had been offered for a loan at a high per centage, and though not well enough to get up—that, after all, did not signify, he could transact business where he lay as well as in his chair—a message was despatched desiring Mr. Vowles's immediate attendance. In the course of the afternoon the lawyer made his appearance, and was shown at once into his patron's bedchamber, a locality which there is reason for describing.

It was a spacious and lofty apartment, dimly lit, in the dark December weather, by a single pointed window in a deep embrasure, with solid mullions and dispered panes. The walls were wainscoted; an immense oaken press occupied one end of the room; on the third side yawned a wide chimney-piece, built for burning wood on the hearth, on which some large logs were blazing brightly; and on the fourth side stood a bed of Elizabethan dimensions, carved and ornamented in Elizabethan fashion, with the addition of much damask drapery that swept in heavy folds to the floor; a massive table covered with a thick cloth, and numerous high-backed chairs, completed the furniture of the apartment, where all was, to a great extent, in uniform sombre keeping.

We need not occupy ourselves with the details of the conversation between Mr. Crowther and his attorney, so far as it referred to the investment of the old man's superfluous cash; but that which followed, having a direct relation to the events which afterwards occurred, requires to be told.

"And now, sir," said Mr. Vowles, "this matter being settled, I think, to your satisfaction, perhaps it may not be amiss, since I *am* here, if we go a little into the other business that you were speaking of the last time I had the pleasure of attending."

Old Dick Crowther, who sat propped up with pillows, his long arms resting on the counterpane, like sentinels over the papers which he had just examined, cast a sharp glance at the attorney, but did not make an immediate reply. Mr. Vowles, therefore, returned to the charge.

"If you remember, sir," he began—

"I know, I know," testily exclaimed Mr. Crowther; "you mean the will. I'm not likely to forget that."

"Oh, no, sir, of course not. Only I thought I would just name it."

"You thought! Did you think of anything else? My illness, for example?"

"Well, sir," hesitated the attorney—"you know, sir, you have been a little—what shall I say?—indisposed—and—and—"

"I might be carried off in a hurry before you got what you wanted. Was that it?"

"Mr. Crowther! I assure you—"

The old man laughed satirically.

"Don't tell me any lies. I know you. If I didn't, you'd never have done for me. So you think I had better make my will! But, I tell you what, Vowles, I'm not so bad as you *fancy. I feel quite well again.*"

"I'm delighted, sir, to hear you say so. All I meant was, that it might be prudent to guard against accidents. They will happen, you know, sir, to the very strongest, and with your large property, consider, sir—if you left no will, all of it would go to the very person who—if I understand you rightly—you don't wish to succeed to it."

"Don't wish!" almost screamed the old man. "Curse him! He *shan't* have it! He *shan't* have it, I tell you! Do you hear? He *shan't* have it!"

"In that case, sir—"

"In that case? Ah! that confounded shiver and spasm! Well, you're right. We had better go to work. Give me yonder box from the table beside you!"

Mr. Crowther unlocked it with a key which hung from a chain round his neck. He took out some papers, looked at what was written on the back of one of them, unfolded it, and read it through. When he had done, he handed it to the attorney and told him to do the same.

Mr. Vowles eagerly obeyed, but after devouring two or three lines, he suddenly stopped short, and his face became white as ashes.

Old Dick Crowther, who watched him intently, gave way to an exulting burst of laughter.

"What!" he cried, "you thought you had lost your chance! Ha! ha! ha! Look at the date, man—look at the date."

Mr. Vowles hastily turned the leaf.

"I see, sir," he said, with an effort to recover himself. "It is a will—drawn up—and witnessed—ten years ago—in favor of your only son—James—Crowther—but—there is no codicil—it is not revoked!"

"We will revoke it in a moment, Vowles. You see that fire! I needn't tell you what to do!"

The attorney skipped across the room and thrust the paper between the blazing logs, bending over them till it was entirely consumed.

"We have cleared the ground now," resumed old Dick Crowther. "If your nerves are steady enough, take pen and paper and write to my dictation: if not, never mind, another time will suit me."

"Oh, no, sir, no,—now, now," urged the attorney, breathless again, but from a different cause. "I'm quite ready, sir—quite!"

"We'll make it short, Vowles."

"The shorter, sir, the better."

Old Dick Crowther then, in a steady voice, set forth his intention, in that last will and testament which the eager attorney rapidly penned. Divested of all technicalities, the document declared that the testator bequeathed to his only son James "the sum of one shilling, as a reward for filial obedience," and to "Martin Vowles, Gent., one, &c," the whole of his real and the residue of his personal estate, after the aforesaid legacy and all the testator's just debts were paid.

Mr. Vowles, when he laid down his pen, thought it necessary to make a speech.

"Your bounty, your goodness, Mr. Crowther, will ever be engraved on a grateful heart. I want words, sir, to express—"

"Don't trouble yourself to look for 'em, Vowles," interrupted old Dick Crowther. "Shall I tell you why I have made you my heir?"

"I have no merit to plead, sir, except the desire to serve you faithfully."

"No merit. Yes, you have, Vowles. You have one merit that exceeds any your modesty keeps in the background. I leave you my money, because"—how the old man enjoyed the attorney's suspense—"because—you are the greatest scoundrel I ever knew in all my life!"

And with another burst of laughter the old man fell back exhausted on his pillow.

Unpalatable as was the compliment, Mr. Vowles swallowed it, there being no one by to see the dirt he ate.

"Who shall we have, sir, to witness it?" he asked, as soon as old Dick Crowther had left off laughing.

"Anybody; call Jones, and Thomas. They'll do, I suppose!"

"Perfectly, sir—perfectly!"

The housekeeper and groom were summoned, and the paper being doubled back to hide the contents, old Dick Crowther affixed his name to it; the act was witnessed by Jane Jones and Thomas Hedges, and they were dismissed.

"Give me the paper," said Mr. Crowther.

Mr. Vowles handed it to him. He ran his eye over it, muttering to himself the while,

"One shilling—yes—a shilling's worth of sugar-plums for his brats. Or a bonnet-string for his wife. She's a fine lady they say. A shilling to buy her a ribbon!"

Something more followed. Perhaps another compliment to Mr. Vowles, but it was inaudible.

Perceiving that he had read it through, the attorney held out his hand to receive back the will, but if he had formed the hope of keeping it in his custody he was disappointed.

"No," said Mr. Crowther, "it will be safer here than anywhere else. Besides, I may want to look at it again."

And he put the will under his pillow, and lay down on it, like a "gryphon," over "the guarded gold."

"Vowles," said he, "you may go! I don't want you any more now. Mind you bring me those securities to-morrow! Good-night!"

By this time the evening was far advanced, and though the attorney took leave of his patron, he did not leave the house. It was usual with Mr. Vowles now and then to take a bed there, and on this occasion the thought struck him that it would be better if he remained where he was. Mrs. Jones sent him up some supper; he made himself comfortable, and by ten o'clock all the inmates of Ardmore House were hushed in repose.

III.

What was that shriek in the dead of the night that woke every one from sleep in Ardmore House, crying, "Woe! woe!" in accents the shrillest that ever startled human ear?

The attorney leaped up and sat trembling, for the sound came upon him in the midst of a dream, wherein the preparation of the iniquitous will which he had *counselled* was being re-enacted—with this addition, that the heir whom he had despoiled was there, striving to wrest the paper from his grasp, while old Dick Crowther's mocking laughter rang in his ears. He listened, fearing to hear the cry again, but it was not repeated, and trusting that indigestion only had caused his alarm, he tried to compose himself once more to sleep. Conscience, however, was too wakeful; in one short minute, as he lay there—a minute that seemed interminable—all the worst and meanest acts of his life crowded into his thoughts, combat as he would against them. To drive them away he sat up again, and then he fancied he heard a noise, as if somebody were in the passage. He listened more intently, and felt sure he heard a footstep, but he was too much frightened to ask who was there, dreading something he knew not what. He held his breath, but for a time everything was still. At length—the interval appeared long to him, though it was brief in reality—another cry arose, echoing through the house, a cry unlike the first, but almost as piercing. It was a woman's voice screaming for help, yet the coward did not stir; bathed in a cold perspiration, he shrank down in bed, covering his head with the clothes.

"Help! help! my master! my master!"

Immediately afterwards there was a sharp knocking at the attorney's bedroom door.

"Oh, Mr. Vowles—pray, sir, get up and come this way. I am afraid Mr. Crowther is dead!"

"Dead!" gasped Mr. Vowles. "I—I—I haven't a light." Then some impulse getting the better of his fear, he cried, "Stay, stay, don't go away—I—I will join you directly. Is nobody there but you, Mrs. Jones?"

But she was now appealing to others for aid. The two maid-servants, the groom, and the gardener had rushed up-stairs, all but the last more or less scared. Mr. Vowles heard them hurry past his door, and remembering that in a multitude there is safety, he huddled on his clothes as well as he could, and made haste after them.

When Mr. Vowles entered the room where the servants were assembled, he saw at a glance that Mrs. Jones's apprehension was verified.

There lay old Dick Crowther on his back, rigid as stone; in his last agony his head had slipped from the pillow and hung over the side of the bed. Death, however, as it seemed, had not taken him without some warning. He had apparently wrestled with the dark shadow—perhaps endeavored to ring for assistance—for the bed-clothes were disordered, and one of the curtains was partly torn down, the old man's left hand still clutching the folds that were gathered round his head.

Had he been taken with an ague fit in the first instance, and left his bed to warm himself? It appeared likely, for the embers were scattered over the hearth. And, finding the fire extinguished, he had crept back again, and the death-pains had seized him.

This was Mrs. Jones's belief. What did Mr. Vowles think?

Only one idea possessed the mind of Mr. Vowles. If old Dick Crowther was dead, he, Mr. Vowles, was his heir. Capricious and deceitful the old man might have been, but the suddenness of his death had prevented the possibility of his altering his will.

Wasting no time, therefore, on useless conjectures, Mr. Vowles rushed to the bed, and, leaning on the corpse, thrust his hand under the pillow.

But that which he sought for he sought in vain. The will was not there!

Who had removed it?

With quick suspicion the attorney turned to Mrs. Jones.

"What have you done with that paper," he cried, "which you, and Thomas there, witnessed last night?"

"Me, sir!" exclaimed the astonished housekeeper. "I done with it, sir? I've never set eyes upon it since—not from that hour to this!"

"You lie, woman! You were in this room by yourself, and you must have taken it!"

Before she could reply he again tossed over the pillow, threw it into the middle of the room, and rummaged the bed in every direction, respecting the dead no more than if a log of wood had lain in his place.

"For shame, Mr. Vowles!" exclaimed the housekeeper. "Is that the way to behave?"

"Mrs. Jones," said the attorney, quivering with ill-suppressed passion, "I advise you not to trifle with me. The will is gone, and you've taken it. I'll have you searched!"

"Come, sir!" said the gardener, a sturdy fellow, "this won't do, sir—Mrs. Jones is respectable, and above such an act as that."

"If it was the last word I had to utter—"

"That you wouldn't, Mrs. Jones, that you wouldn't," exclaimed both the housemaids in chorus, completing the unfinished asseveration; "you'd scorn it, Mrs. Jones."

The housekeeper's accents were so full of honesty, the general belief in her innocence so firm, and the support she received so strong, that the attorney drew in his horns.

"Well," he said, "it's the most marvellous thing in the world! Here was a will made, and in safe keeping only a few hours ago, and now it's spirited away, God knows where! You must excuse my irritation, Mrs. Jones, I am interested in that will. The poor dear old gentleman left me a trifle."

"We'll help you to search for it, sir," said the housekeeper, coldly. "Master's keys are lying on that table. There's the box he kept his papers in. Open it, and let us all stand by while you look for the missing will. He may have locked it up after you left."

"True! true! Mrs. Jones, I'm obliged to you," said Mr. Vowles. "Stupid in me not to have thought of that."

He offered to shake hands, but the housekeeper drew back, and pointed to the box.

It was opened. Every paper was turned over one by one, but the absentee, which Mr. Vowles could have sworn to at a glance, was not discovered.

"There's only one course *left*," said he; "as soon as it's light, *you*, Thomas, ride off to the registrar of deaths: tell him to let the coroner know;—oh yes, he's dead sure enough; cover up his face with the sheet, Mrs. Jones;—and let me have a pair of fresh candles; I shall *stay* here till the morning."

Cupidity had mastered fear.

IV.

The inquest was held next day. Mr. Gorrick, who attended, gave it as his opinion—in the absence of all external signs, and judging from previous symptoms—that spasm of the heart, brought on by ague, had shortened the days of old Dick Crowther; and a verdict was returned of natural death.

The attorney's vigil had been fruitless. He had ransacked every place he could think of, but all in vain. Mr. Vowles would not, however, give up his chance; he might have overlooked the very spot; he would wait till the body was removed, to be placed in its coffin in another room, and then he would search again. He resolved, therefore, to make Ardmore House his home until the funeral, which he took upon himself to order, was over; and as for several years he had managed the affairs of the deceased, there was no one to say him nay. Some business he had to transact meanwhile, which, though not to his liking, could not be avoided. If Mr. Crowther had been a man of less mark where merchants most do congregate, Mr. Vowles would have trusted to the chapter of accidents, and not have promulgated the news of his decease; but the papers would report the inquest, concealment was impossible, and therefore he wrote to announce "the melancholy event" to Mr. Crowther's expectant relations—that is to say, to all who lived in London; there was only one who did not live there—the nearest in blood—but him Mr. Vowles accidentally forgot.

It was late in the afternoon of the day following that on which Mr. Crowther died before the mortuary arrangements were made that left the field clear for the search which the attorney proposed to renew. If there had been gloom over Ardmore House while old Dick Crowther lived, it was not diminished by his being in his coffin. Natural feeling apart—though there was little in this instance to excite it—a sense of awe attaches always to the presence of the dead among the living, and every one of the house servants sincerely wished that their late master was buried. But it was a more than common apprehension that made them unwilling to venture near the room in which he had been placed, though the door was locked and the key of it in Mrs. Jones's pocket. Old Dick Crowther's life, they felt tolerably sure, had been a bad one; the manner of his death was strange, the loss of the will a thing to wonder at; he was himself so weird of aspect, and so rich withal, that they found plenty to talk about to augment their fear. Alone, not one of them would have consented to go up stairs; and they moved about hurriedly in pairs, returning as quickly as they could to their common centre before the kitchen fire.

Scarcely more comfortable thoughts filled the mind of Mr. Vowles as he sat in his private apartment, meditating by turns on the past, the present and the future. It was, however, no time for inaction—*that* he knew—and all the meditation in the world would not advance his object—the discovery of the will. He must set to work in earnest if he wished to find it, and so, conquering his repugnance to enter the room where he had seen the fearful

spectacle of his patron's twisted corpse, he took up his light and proceeded towards his destination. He had to pass the dining-room, where, food for worms, old Dick Crowther tested the weight of his own mahogany, and he shuddered as he quickly strode by; the next moment he cautiously turned the handle of the bedroom door, and as cautiously entered. The chamber, it will be remembered, was both large and lofty, and the light Mr. Vowles carried was too feeble to penetrate the obscurity in which it was wrapped. He set the candle down on the table, which he drew close to the bed, where he proposed to make his first examination. It was likely enough that the paper he was in search of might have slipped between the mattresses, and one by one he carefully displaced all the coverings, shaking them out, and casting them in a heap on the floor. When he had taken away the lower sheet, and thrown that aside with the rest, he paused for a few moments to consider how he should proceed. The first mattress was thick and heavy, and it required all his strength to drag it off the bed: he wished also that his operations should be conducted as noiselessly as possible. The table must be put back to its former place to admit of room for the mattress to lie on the ground, and Mr. Vowles turned to remove it.

Gracious Heaven! what object met his view!

There, peering across the table, stood old Dick Crowther, with the same malicious eyes and the same wicked grin that Mr. Vowles so well recollected!

The figure did not speak, but the expression on its terrible face plainly asked—as Mr. Vowles averred to his dying day—if he had found the will; and a hideous chuckle seemed to express delight at the attorney's failure.

Suddenly the figure stretched out his long arms as if to seize him, but more than this Mr. Vowles was unable to remember: his terror was so excessive that he sank on the floor in a swoon.

Again and again the cry of "Woe! woe!" resounded through Ardmore House, making the blood run cold of the group in the kitchen, who huddled together for protection.

"Lord! have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, falling on her knees; "the same words as last night."

"*And* forgive us our sins!" chimed in both the housemaids, following her example.

Thomas's teeth chattered: he tried to speak, but could utter nothing intelligible.

"Something heavy seemed to tumble," said Mrs. Jones, pointing to the ceiling.

"Per-haps," said Thomas, not yet master of his voice—"per-haps—that—the—De-De-Devil—is—a-carrying off—of—M-m-master!"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" screamed the three women, in simultaneous chorus.

"Or that—there—attur-ney!" continued Thomas, pursuing the encouraging theme. "Who—who'll go and see?"

"Woe! woe!" shrieked the unearthly voice; but the sound came now from a different quarter.

If at that moment you had offered those *four* persons a thousand pounds apiece, in glittering gold, it would not have tempted them to stir a foot.

"What can have become of William?" ejaculated Susan, the younger of the two housemaids. She alluded to the gardener, the only one who was absent. "He never," she added, "stops out so late as this!"

"Here I am!" said the person in question, entering as he spoke.

Another scream from Susan.

"Oh, Lord, William, you've given me quite a turn. Is it you?"

"Who else should it be?" returned her admirer. "Why, what ever is the matter,—you seem all nohow like!"

"Well we may, William!" said Mrs. Jones, "and so would you be if you'd heard what we've heard!"

"What did you hear?"

"I can't tell you, William."

"Perhaps I might say the same if you was to ask me what I've just seen."

"Oh, what was it?" cried they all, gathering round the gardener.

"That's just where it is," said William; "I don't know. But," he continued, speaking in a grave, even a solemn tone, "I'll tell you what. I'm not a man as believes in' ghosts or them kind of things"—his listeners shivered—"but if I was to be put on my oath, I could only say what I think I saw."

Nobody, this time, had courage to repeat the former question, and William went on.

"Not more than five minutes since—hardly so much—as I was coming along the middle garden-walk—I had been earthing up my celery, and was later than usual—there was just a gleam in the sky, level with the first-floor windows, and all of a sudden something flew right down and lit upon one of the buttresses that stick out on that side, you know. It was a big thing, but it made no noise, and I saw it as plain as I see any of you, all in white. I got nigher, and looked up, but before I could fix it the thing took another sweep, fluttering through the air, and fetched up in a moment on the top of the next buttress, five-and-twenty foot off if it's a single inch. There it sat still, didn't move till I got close again. I had my lantern, and turned the light full on. If that wasn't Mr. Crowther's face, why I don't see *yours*, Thomas, nor *yours*, Susan, nor *yours*, Mrs. Jones."

"Whatever did you do, William?" said Susan, pressing closer.

"I looked my hardest," replied the gardener, "but while I looked the thing was gone—vanished altogether."

"And was it like master," asked Thomas.

"Two peas ar'n't liker. White whiskers, flat features, and, if I may so express myself, wrapped up in a shroud!"

"His very winding-sheet!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones.

"And now," said William, "please to satisfy my curiosity."

They made enough of their subject, and when they had repeated, with variations, their several experiences, William observed:

"It appears to me that the proper thing to do is to name all this to Mr. Vowles, and if he thinks fit, we might just look in and see if all's right in the dining-room."

Every possible objection was raised, particularly to the course last recommended; but William was firm, and his firmness gave them something like courage: courage enough to make them follow in his wake when he led the way up-stairs.

A gentle tap at the door of Mr. Vowles's apartment produced no answer; a harder knock, yet nobody replied. It was found that he was not within. Had Thomas's words come true? The women shook as they brought them to mind.

"I see a light at the end of the passage in Mr. Crowther's bedroom," said William. "He may be there."

There, indeed, they discovered Mr. Vowles, stretched at full length beside the bed, and senseless. The front of his shirt was dabbled in blood, and a deep gash furrowed his face as if some sharp instrument had scored it, though no weapon was anywhere visible. The bedclothes were scattered about the room, one of the sheets being torn to shreds—the other was missing.

The luckless attorney was raised and carried into his own chamber. By dint of cold water, some brandy and other restoratives, they brought him to his senses. When he opened his eyes, he looked round with a terrified air.

"Hide him from me!" he exclaimed: "don't let me see him again! Burn the will, if it's found! I renounce the gift! Send for a carriage, and take me away from this detestable place! Oh, that dreadful vision! Dick Crowther, Dick Crowther, where have you gone to now!"

And once more the wretched man swooned away.

"I'll see the rights of this, though," said William, resolutely. "Give me the key, Mrs. Jones. Let anybody come with me that likes!"

Susan and Thomas followed; the other two remained with Mr. Vowles.

The thick air of the dining-room was already pervaded by the sickening odor of death, and silently the three drew near the coffin, which rested on the table in the middle of the room. Susan, who clung to William's arm, hid her face on his shoulder as he put out his disengaged hand to raise the cloth which had been placed to cover the dead.

"Is it empty?" she whispered, not daring to turn her head.

"No!" he replied; "there he lies, though I must own I hardly expected to have seen him. Look, Thomas!"

"Ye—s," said Thomas—but the glance was a very hasty one. "Now," he added, "let's be off, we know all we want to."

"Not quite," observed William, putting back the cloth; "however, it's of no use staying here any longer."

"Double lock the door," said Thomas, as they all left the room. "And I say, William, wouldn't it be as well to have up the parson from West End. I could soon fetch him."

"Fetch the carriage first to take Mr. Vowles home; he's coming to again, I can hear. We can see about the parson by-and-by."

William had quite taken the lead in the house, and Thomas did as he was ordered. In about half an hour, he returned with a fly. Mr. Vowles, who shook like an aspen, and had lost all his presence of mind, was helped into it and driven away, and no one now remained at Ardmore House but Mr. Crowther's servants.

V.

The story, incoherently told by Mr. Vowles, while the women were in attendance on him, was of a nature to confirm their worst apprehensions. It was all very well, they said, when they conferred together afterwards—it was all very well for him—they did not like now to mention Mr. Crowther's name—to go back to his coffin; of course he could do that as easy as leave it; to get him to stay there was the thing.

"Sperrits," said Mrs. Jones, "can't be confined by bolts and bars. If they're uneasy when they leave the body, uneasy they'll be afterwards. He wasn't comfortable when he died, that were pretty clear. Them hands as tore down the curtains and grappled the bedclothes was quite enough to show he had something on his mind at the time he was took. She shouldn't wonder if it was the will. Mr. Vowles had hinted as much. Why should he say he would give it all up if wrong hadn't been done to somebody? They all knew who that was likely to be. No—he wouldn't be laid till such as ought to had their rights which they was justly entitled to them."

The suspicions of such people as the housekeeper and her companions on matters of fact generally point in the right direction, much that they overhear helping them to their conclusions. Mr. Vowles, however, had said sufficient to make them suppose that old Dick Crowther had made an unjust will, and, to their thinking, nothing was more natural than that he should "walk" in consequence.

"He hadn't been able to consume it in his lifetime"—her late master and a raging fire were somehow associated in Mrs. Jones's idea—"and on that account he come back to make away with it."

These arguments and opinions did not, however, make the situation more pleasant. Little as any of the household liked the attorney, they wished he had remained till the legacy question was settled; then they could "suit" themselves, for stay longer in a place that was haunted they neither could nor would. Mrs. Jones, too, felt the responsibility that, in the absence of Mr. Vowles, had fallen upon her, and if she had known where young Mr. James Crowther was living, she would have written to him of her own accord; but he had been banished some years from his father's house, and she was ignorant whether he were in England or abroad.

There was only one person who did not share in the general perturbation. This was William, the gardener, who, though occupied like his fellow-servants with the events of the last four-and-twenty hours, sat thoughtful from a different cause. At last, after a long silence, he spoke:

"About that noise that woke us all up last night, and you say was repeated this evening before I came in."

"Well, William! What about it?" said they all.

"I want to know what you think it was like."

"Like! Like nothing I ever heard before! It crept into my very marrow," said Mrs. Jones.

"So it did into mine," said Thomas, corroborating the housekeeper; "I felt it right under me as I lay. I thought at first it was I—do'—no'—what—stopping no end of a team of horses."

"Wo! wo!" interposed Mr. Jones, "was the very words it uttered, but much more awfuller, Thomas, than ever horses was spoke to!"

"Could an old man have screamed so?" asked William.

"His sperrit might," returned Mrs. Jones. "Sperrits and men is very different."

"More wind in 'em," said the gardener, jocosely.

"Oh, don't make a joke of it, William," cried Susan

"It is a impious thing to do," said the housekeeper.

"Well, but what made him call out?"

"His pains, William. He was a dying, perhaps, at that moment."

"Very good. But he could only die once; his pains were over when you heard the cry again."

"Only One knows, William! I'm afraid," added Mrs. Jones, in a trembling voice, "they was only beginning."

"Where did the first sound seem to come from to night?"

"Right overhead. In his bed-room."

"Was that before you heard Mr. Vowles fall down?"

"No—a little after."

"And how do you think Mr. Vowles cut his face?"

"He struck against the table in falling."

"Did Mr. Vowles say so?"

"No. He couldn't call anything to mind after seeing him—that is, master—show his teeth and make a sort of strike out with his arms."

William asked no more questions, but resumed his meditations. After awhile he told Thomas he wanted him, and taking the groom aside, he said, in a low voice: "I mean to sit up to-night. Are you afraid to keep me company?"

To this direct appeal, Thomas could only make one reply: he was *not* afraid. And he said so the more readily that he put greater trust in William's courage than in his own. The men slept together, and to be alone in his bed was the worst alternative.

"Well," said William, in a cheerful tone, returning to his seat and addressing the women, "you need have nothing to fear to-night. Thomas and I are going to mount guard till the morning. Don't say a word about it, Susan: we mean it. Time for supper, Mrs. Jones. A little extra beer will do us no harm."

The meal was eaten, the kitchen cleared, and the gardener and groom were left together.

VI.

"Now they are gone," said William, "I'll tell you, Thomas, what I'm going to do. I didn't care to name it before Mrs. Jones and the girls."

"What?" asked Thomas.

"This," replied the other. "There's foul play of some kind going on in this house. What it is I don't know, but I mean to try and get to the bottom of it. I don't believe a word about the old gentleman walking."

"But you saw him yourself, William."

"Somebody very like him, I must confess. When I saw Mr. Crowther, he was in his coffin."

"Who was the other, then?"

"Old Nick, maybe. But that's the mystery. I suspect thieves. They think to frighten us all by their strange noises, and then rob the place. I intend to spoil their game."

"How?"

"You shall see. Wait here a minute."

William left the kitchen, and shortly returned with a gun in one hand, and a powder-flask and shot-belt in the other.

"This," he said, laughing, "keeps the birds off in summer; it must keep off thieves in winter, or pepper 'em if they come. Those chaps don't like the report of fire-arms."

William then drew the old charge, eased the hammer, tried the trigger with his thumb, loaded the gun, and put a fresh cap on the nipple. When he had prepared his weapon, he set it upright in the chimney-corner, and invited the groom to help him out with the beer. To this proposition Thomas gave a prompt assent, and thus gently sipping and nodding to each other's good health, with fragments of talk between, the time wore on towards midnight.

When the last drop was drained—nothing having occurred to disturb their conversation—William rose and shouldered his gun.

"Come along, Thomas," he said.

"Where are you going to?" asked the groom.

"Over the house," replied William.

"At this time of night!" exclaimed Thomas. "I thought you meant to stay here. I didn't bargain for this."

"I can't help what you bargained for. What's the use of our being here, if any one breaks in up-stairs? Do as you please. I shall go, at all events."

Ashamed to be thought a coward, though with none of the feelings of a hero, Thomas also rose, and said he was ready.

"Take the lantern, then, and don't show too much light."

They walked abreast, having taken their shoes off, as a precaution against noise. On the floor to which they first ascended, all was still as death; death, indeed, reigned there as silently as in the tomb. William listened at the dining-room door.

"No need to disturb that," he said, and passed on.

The bedroom underwent a visitation, reluctant as Thomas was to go in. Dreary enough, but a blank.

"Do you mean to go any higher?" inquired Thomas, whose sense of security diminished the further he left his usual haunt behind.

"Higher?" answered William. "To the roof."

Very seldom, indeed, had the inmates of Ardmore House mounted the principal staircase, not a room on the drawing-room floor being furnished.

If William the Bold proceeded with caution, depend upon it that Thomas the Timid was not less circumspect; every angle was eyed by him as if the forty thieves—of whom he had never heard—were at his elbow; it was no matter, there were forty thousand thieves and as many ghosts in his imagination.

The staircase creaked, though those who mounted were shoeless: new wood, contracted for, complains as much as old. On the upper landing-place the broad passage was dim with the December fog, which had gradually crept up from the lower ground and now pervaded the house.

It was chilly, and Thomas shivered: of course, because of the cold. William neither shivered nor faltered, but moved straight on.

Whoever visited that part of the house last, had left one of the doors ajar; a reason for beginning the circuit there. It opened into a broad ante-room, from a corner of which a staircase led to the attics on the garden-side.

Like every other part which they had yet visited, nothing was to be heard or seen. To be seen? Stay! After advancing not more than three paces, Thomas grasped his companion's arm.

"What's that?" he said, in the very faintest whisper.

"Raise your lantern," replied William; "I see nothing."

"But I do," said Thomas. "A thing like—oh, Lord, it's master himself! What shall we do?"

"Master, is it?" returned William. "Let us see!"

The light was flashed across the ante-room, and William beheld what might have made the bravest tremble.

Slowly, and with the labored effort which characterised his manner of walking when he lived, with his head poking forwards, and his long arms swaying to and fro, with cadaverous face and distended jaws, old Dick Crowther appeared silently moving towards the intruders.

William's heart beat quicker at the sight, and for a moment it quite failed him. Only, however, for one moment: in the next his courage came back.

"It may be Master, or it may be 'tother one," he said, in a low, determined voice; "but whichever 'tis, I'll have a shot at him!"

"Don't!" said Thomas, quaking with dread. "He he-ears y-you!"

"He shall feel me, too! Keep the lantern steady."

The figure raised one of its arms in a menacing attitude. The hand was then lowered and seemed to rest on the projecting balustrade of the staircase, with one finger pointing downwards. William cocked his gun and paused before he raised it to his shoulder. At that instant the figure disappeared.

"Gone!" exclaimed William, in astonishment.

"Oh, no, I wish it was," said Thomas, fascinated by [illegible] him still—on the top stair. He is shaking his hand again!"

At those words William levelled and fired.

"There was a loud report, but it was lost in the piercing "Woe! woe!" which immediately filled the air.

"Give me the lantern!" said William. "I'll follow him up. I've hit him!"

"Don't be a fool!" cried Thomas, striving to detain his companion. "He'll carry you off with him to—"

Before Thomas could articulate the place he meant to name, William had rushed up the staircase.

The scene just enacted had been a terrible trial to the poor groom, but, left in darkness and suspense, his condition now was worse. Afraid to stir hand or foot, he stood stock still, in momentary expectation of being seized upon. He began the Church service in his fear:

"'When the wicked man—'"

He got no further: a loud shout calling him by name made him fall on his knees, and took away his utterance.

Again his name was shouted, and Thomas recognized William's voice; he tried to reply, but his own was too feeble to make itself heard, and once more silence prevailed. Not long, however, for presently the light gleamed from above, and William descended. He looked composed but pale, and as he held out the lantern for Thomas to take, the groom observed that his hand was red with blood.

"For God's sake! what have you done?" he asked.

"I'll tell you, Thomas, when we get down stairs. I have seen something I didn't expect to see."

"Woe! woe!" A pause. A fainter cry: "Woe! woe!" Fainter still: "Woe! woe!" And with the last prolonged note the sound died away altogether.

"You'll not hear it again," said William. "I expect that was about his last."

VII.

On the third day after Mr. Crowther's death, a stranger came to Ardmore House, and asked for the housekeeper. Though altered by sickness and privation, the change was not sufficient to conceal his identity, and Mrs. Jones recognized Mr. James Crowther. The interview was grave and full of deep interest. The housekeeper told him all that had lately happened, and more than the reader yet knows. There was no one to contest the rights of the eldest son—no will to bar him from taking possession of his father's property.

We pass over the details of the funeral to follow the footsteps of the heir, as, accompanied by William, he ascended to that part of the house where the figure shot at by the gardener had disappeared.

William led his young master to an attic, used as a store-room for keeping apples and vegetables for winter use. On a heap in one corner a dark object was coiled up, and a torn sheet, stained with blood in several places, was spread out beside it.

"This, sir," said Williliam, dragging the object nearer the light, "was the cause of all our trouble."

Mr. James Crowther had only arrived in England two days before, in a vessel which brought him from the East, whither he had adventured to better his fortunes, and the first thing that greeted him was a paragraph in the Times' obituary, announcing his father's death.

He looked attentively at what was before him.

"I have been in Malacca," he said. "These creatures are common there. It is a Gibbon, or long-armed ape. Some call it the 'Woo-woo,' from the cry it utters. Its habits are predatory, and it is very fierce when opposed. There can be no doubt it went down to warm itself when it was seen in my father's chamber. Very likely it had been there before."

"I should say so, sir," said William, stooping: "look at these bits of paper; they were lying just under the body. He must have brought them, for I didn't, and nobody else comes here but me. They have writing on them."

There were two pieces of paper, mere strips, with marks of teeth indented. On the first was written, in a large official hand, "I bequeath to my only son, James Crowther—" The rest was torn away. On the second: "the whole of my real and—" a gap; then followed "personal property, after all my just debts are paid." To this last were appended the signatures of Richard Crowther and the attesting witnesses.

"The creature," said Mr. James Crowther, must have picked up the will, and eaten all but the fragments."

That was the most probable conclusion. Another, afterwards verified, was that the animal had escaped from the Zoological Gardens; but to this hour there are many, and Thomas the groom is amongst the number, who firmly believe that Ardmore House is haunted by Old Dick Crowther.

FOREIGN NEWS.

War Between Spain and Morocco.—Madrid, February 7.—Tetuan has been taken by the Spaniards after a battle which was fought on the 4th. Eight hundred large tents, forming the fine encampment of the enemy; the artillery, camels and all the other equipage of the Moorish army have been taken. The brothers of the Emperor took to flight. A summons having been transmitted to the enemy to surrender Tetuan within twenty-four hours, a deputation from the city came into the Spanish camp to beg for mercy, as the Mussulmans had begun to pillage and slaughter in the town. The division of General Rios entered the place without any opposition, and was received with manifestations of joy.

Immense popular rejoicings are taking place at Madrid, which is splendidly illuminated. The acclamations of delight are general, and great preparations are being made for public fetes.

Italy.—A letter from Milan says:—"We continue to receive more afflicting news from Venitia.

"They have sent off to the fortresses of Moravia and the Danube two trains, one of eighty and the other of one hundred persons, all in chains, and who had been arrested on suspicion of feeling love for their country.

"These individuals have not undergone any form of trial. Fresh arrests are being made in all the towns of Venitia.

"These towns are still deserted. Every day acts of violence are committed. They persist in their system of provocation, in order to force the people to resist, by which they would have a pretext for venting their rage on every one."

M. Desambrois has been recalled from the Sardinian embassy at Paris, at his own request; *on dit*, in consequence of the French claiming not only the annexation of Nice and Savoy, but the whole seaboard of Piedmont.

It is reported that the Pope is about to excommunicate Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia.

The correspondent of the London Times has been ordered to quit Rome.

It is stated that France has expressed a disposition to withdraw the troops from Rome, provided the Pope consented, and engaged to call in no other foreign troops.

The Pope has made another speech—extremely hostile to France.

The Austrians are constructing four new forts round Peschiera, and making great military preparations.

London, Sunday Evening, Feb. 12.—After the end of March all the Cunard steamers will touch at Queenstown.

Another anti Puseyite riot of a most scandalous character, has taken place at the church of St. George-in the-east, London.

The question of the annexation of Savoy to France, has been debated in the House of Lords, and strong sentiments were uttered against the proposition.

Lord Granville said the British government had received assurances that the annexation was not now contemplated.

Lord John Russell announced that England had made four propositions to France and Austria, relative to the settlement of the Italian difficulties, viz.:

1. Neither Power to interfere without the consent of the five great Powers.
2. The French troops to be withdrawn.
3. Venetia to be left to Austria.
4. The Central Italian States to be left again to express their desires.

France has agreed to all but the fourth proposition.

Austria had not replied, but it was understood that that government objected to two of the propositions.

Lord John Russell expressed confidence in an amicable settlement of the question.

The great ship company, on the recommendation of the Committee on Investigation, resolved to borrow £50,000 to get the steamer Great Eastern ready for sea without delay. The estimated cost to prepare her for America was £30,000.

The Emperor of Austria had received a portion of the Hungarian deputation, and promised them satisfaction.

Cotton.—*Liverpool, Feb.* 10.—Most of the reports indicate unaltered prices, though Richardson, Spence & Co, say, the market is lower, and Middling New Orleans and Mobile, and all qualities of Uplands are a little cheaper. The better qualities of New Orleans Cotton are held firm at the extreme rates.

Absence of Mind.—The Eastern Argus says that the Rev. Mr. B———, pastor of the Congregational church, in Gilead, Me., on Sunday week tackled his horse to a sleigh, took in some butter and eggs and a lot of tin-ware, and started for Gorham, N. H., about ten miles distant, to dispose of the former and to have the latter mended. Arriving there, he was much astonished to learn, as he offered his produce for sale, that it was Sunday. It was with some difficulty that he was convinced of the fact. But upon coming to the conclusion that it was Sunday, he said he would return and preach to his congregation in the afternoon.

Our Advice about Lotteries—"Don't speak to the man at the wheel."

Scott and Dickens seem to have had the especial mission of disabusing people of the idea that highly-seasoned love descriptions were what gave their interest to works of fiction—never had two writers less of this, never were two writers more popular.

Dr. Kitchener, whose name fully bore out his devotion to the culinary art, piqued himself upon his punctuality, and was in the habit of having the following motto written over his sideboard for the benefit of his evening visitors:—"Come at seven, and go at eleven." Theodore Hook, who always liked to get into what are called the short hours, added the word "it" to the above, and great was the surprise of the worthy doctor, when he found that, by the alteration, the notice read as follows:—"Come at seven, and go it at eleven."

Weak and ignorant people are fond of overwhelming us with the wonderful and shocking. They either find, or surmise, that they are not able to act upon our intellect: so they try to act upon our feelings. This power they have, and they are sometimes ready to give us any amount of pain, rather than not exercise it.

When a generous man is compelled to give a refusal, he generally gives it with a worse grace than the ungenerous; first, because it is against his nature; and secondly, because it is out of his practice.

The Vermonter who attempted to snuff out the gas-light with his fingers, screamed—"Bloody murder, your pesky candlestick's a-fire!"

It is not generally known that the Virgin Mary was ennobled, but such is the fact. Louis the Eleventh created her Countess of Boulogne sur Mer. Among other honors she had a book dedicated to her in 1672—*La Forterre Historique*, by Father Boussieres. Christina of Sweden, however, dedicated her Autobiography to the Almighty.

"Ma, if you will give me an apple, I will be good." "No, my, child, you must not be good for *pay*—you ought to be *good for nothing*."

He that hath a prudent wife hath a guardian angel at his side; but he who hath a proud wife hath a destroying angel at his elbow.

It is astonishing how keen even stupid people are in discovering imaginary affronts.—*Helps.*

Human nature is so perverse that the advice expressly designed for us, we often refuse to recognize as applicable to our case; whilst we nervously try to adapt to ourselves the reproof or sarcasm which was never, in the slightest degree, intended for us.

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to attribute them to the settled course of things.

Where politeness and affability are without real benevolence, they arise, not merely from the wish to be thought polite, but from a desire to make the social atmosphere around us easy and agreeable for our own breathing.

Western Courtship.—A schoolmaster at Boardman, Ohio, (a strapping fellow, as it appears) having failed to secure the affections of a young lady under his charge, revenged himself by punishing her, for some alleged fault, so severely, that her back was covered with stripes. At first sight, this would appear to be an extraordinary method of winning a woman's heart; but after all, it may have been the schoolmaster's only way of Making an Impression upon her.—*Vanity Fair.*

Those who, from the desire of our perfection, have the keenest eye for our faults, generally compensate for it by taking a higher view of our merits than we deserve.

Women are generally less truthful than men; first, because they are naturally more timid, and to speak the truth requires fearlessness; and again, because their moral education often mainly consists in delicately dissembling their own feelings.

The test of the merit of a book is not so much whether it will bear a second or a third reading at short intervals; but whether it will appear equally original, and equally true, when read at intervals of ten, fifteen, or twenty years.

We constantly hear persons debating about how long you may live with a person, before you thoroughly know him or her. It is not so much a question of time as of circumstances. The time is quite unlimited, as long as the routine in which you live is not changed.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, fancied that he was a walking distillery of fragrant odors, and sweated perfume. Benvenuto Cellini, that great artist and entertaining coxcomb, religiously believed that there was a visible halo around his head. He says—"This shining light is to be seen in the morning over my shadow till two o clock in the afternoon, and it appears to the greatest advantage when the grass is moist with dew; it is likewise visible in the evening at sunset."

Men of great power of imagination have often very strong views of things; this tends to make them intolerant: but, on the other hand, they have pre-eminently the power of putting themselves into the position of others, which is an admirable corrective of intolerance.

It is surprising how little love we can be well content with, when that love is more than the person giving it gives to anybody else.—*Helps.*

A Pleasant Parlor Inmate.—Miss Fuller, in her last letter communicated from Europe to the columns of the New York Tribune, mentions having become acquainted with Dr. Southwood Smith, the well-known philanthropist.

"On visiting him," says the lady, "we saw an object which I had often heard celebrated, and had thought would be revolting, but found, on the contrary, an agreeable sight; this is the *skeleton* of Jeremy Bentham. It was at Bentham's request, that the skeleton, dressed in the same dress that he habitually wore, stuffed out to an exact resemblance of life and with a portrait mask in wax, sits there as assistant to Dr. Smith in the entertainment of his guests and companion of his studies. The figure leans a little forwards, resting the hands on a stout stick which Bentham always carried, and named 'Dapple.' The attitude is quite easy: the expression of the whole mild, winning, yet highly individual.

"It is well known that Bentham, in order to oppose, in the most convincing manner, the prejudice against dissection of the human subject, willed his body to the surgeons, and in a codicil, subsequently written, made a final bequest of his skeleton to his friend, Dr. Smith."

NEWS ITEMS.

THE LIBERTY OF THE BOUQUET.—The *Gazette de Thurgovie* says that not long ago a bouquet was thrown to a *danseuse* in one of the theatres at Venice, made up of the three colors of Italian independence, red, white, and green. She picked it up and kissed it. For this she was summoned before the police authorities, and ordered thenceforth to trample on all bouquets which might be thrown to her. This order got abroad, and next night there was thrown a bouquet of the Austrian colors, black and yellow. In obedience to the order of the police she trampled it under her feet, while the house was shaken by acclamations of applause.

MORMONISM it seems, has its aristocracy, and we learn that during the present winter only the first wife accompanied her lord to the soirees and parties in the upper tendom of Mormondom.

A STAY LAW IN MINNESOTA.—The House of Representatives of Minnesota, on the 3rd ult., after an animated discussion, passed the bill introduced by Mr. McDonough, to extend the time of redemption in foreclosures of real estate to three years, and the payment of interest annually on money so loaned. The bill was earnestly opposed by several members, on the ground of its unconstitutionality, and as earnestly supported by others as a great measure for the relief of the people—in fact, as the great measure of the season. The bill was passed by a vote of 46 to 21.

GARIBALDI'S wife—Miss Raymond that was—is a Di Vernon, or Gay Spanker, and knows a good horse when she sees the animal as well as she knows a good man. She is patriotic, plump, and pretty, and peculiarly well situated. The happy couple passed the *lune de miel* at Como, the most beautiful place in Italy, as Italy is the most beautiful country in the world. There is a difference of nearly thirty years between them, and we hope that it is all the difference they will ever know.

GOVERNOR WISE, in his late speech at Richmond, referring to the Harper's Ferry raid, used the following expression: "Rubies would not win me to tell all the facts of the raid of John Brown. I will not tell to the world either all the facts in my possession, or all my opinions on the subject of that tragedy." He assigns as his reason the danger of creating further trouble between the North and South.

THERE is a dispute in the London press in relation to the discovery of the Northwest Passage. The friends of Sir John Franklin claim that the credit is due to him for it, and that his widow is, in consequence, entitled to the £20,000 offered by the British Government for that discovery. The British Government has already awarded the prize to Sir R. McClure, the officer who commanded the expedition, which, sailing from Behring's Straits, reached the farthest point eastward attained by any vessel. From this point he abandoned his ship, after being two years shut up in the ice, and, still proceeding eastward, joined the expeditions from Baffin's Bay, thereby completing the voyage and journey across the North American continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

PEERS.—There are now 458 peers, spiritual and temporal, on the roll of the British House of Lords. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, heads the list, and Henry, Lord Taunton, is the last.

CONGREGATIONALISTS.—The Congregational Quarterly Review, the organ of that denomination, gives the following statistics of Congregationalism for the year 1859: Churches, 2,676; members, 257,634; new members, 35,217, of whom 20,590 were by profession; deaths, 3,589; Sabbath-school scholars, 206,441; ministers, 2,908, of whom 1,527 are connected with churches as pastors, or stated supplies, and of the remainder many are preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath.

WHITEFIELD A SLAVEHOLDER.—The Westminster Review states that Whitefield, the great revivalist preacher, was at one time a slaveholder in Georgia, being at his death the owner of fifty slaves, men, women and children, whom he left in his will to the Countess of Huntington.

ENGLISH IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.—The London Daily News, a paper of considerable ability, in speaking of the United States, says the nation has a Postmaster General, Secretary of Foreign Relations, "a Secretary of Coinage, of Customs and of Public Lands. These are the five departments of the United States Government, and *these are all!* The Americans have no Secretary of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy and of the Interior, and therefore there can be no just comparison between the legislative business at Washington and London."

SORRY FOR HER.—A very intelligent and attractive young lady, named Clara Fisher, was sentenced at Buffalo, last Friday, to four years and six months imprisonment at Sing Sing, for larceny at a dry goods store, committed while pretending to purchase.

AN INHERITANCE.—A little church in Blairsville, Pa., has lately fallen heir to a collection of paintings, nine in number, from Munich, Germany. They compose what is called the "Stillenger Gallery," and are valued at $75,000.

STEALING A COMMUNION SERVICE.—A sacrilegious wretch entered the Presbyterian church in Alton, Illinois, some days ago, and stole the entire communion plate, which was very valuable.

OIL IN BEAVER COUNTY.—An oil spring has been discovered, says the Star, at Smith's Ferry, twelve miles below Beaver. The oil flows out upon the water and is obtained by skimming it from the surface. The oil is so pure that it will burn, without refining, in an ordinary lamp, affording a clear light.

WHOLESALE POISONING.—At Fond du Lac, Wis., one hundred and fifty persons were lately attacked with the bowel and stomach complaint, and poison was detected. It turned out that a miller had been in the practice, when his mill stone grooves were too deep, of putting in a preparation of white lead, and this getting into the flour poisoned the whole neighborhood.

INDIAN RHETORIC.—One of the Penobscot Indians recently appealed to the Maine Legislature to build his tribe a new schoolhouse, and thus figuratively described the old one: "The building has become bald with age, and weeps now, within and without, in every rain, and is as ragged and tattered as a dead poplar in the woods."

POSTMASTERS IMPLICATED IN SELLING LOTTERY TICKETS.—Affidavits have been filed at the Post Office Department sustaining serious charges of dealing in lottery tickets against the postmaster at Haverhill, Massachusetts, which are to be investigated at once. Other Massachusetts postmasters are accused of complicity with lottery sellers.

METHODISTS.—The minutes of the Methodists, which are annually reported with great precision, show that all the divisions of that church in America have 11,458 travelling preachers and 1,880,269 communicants; in Europe, 3,235 traveling preachers and 772,622 communicants; in all 14,883 traveling preachers and 2,548,190 lay members. Its missionary organizations includes over 3,000 laborers; its educational institutions comprise over 138 colleges and academies; it has 35,000 local preachers making, with its itinerants, a ministerial force of nearly 50,000 men.

SUPERHEATED STEAM.—Mr. John H. Church, of Cambridge, England, read a paper on Thursday evening, before the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute, on "Superheated Steam." He advocated its use as possessing many economical and sanitary advantages over steam which has only the heat and power generated in its production. Several practical engineers who were present agreed that superheated steam was a superior working agent, and pointed out the analogy between it and the motive power of caloric engines. It was stated that the economy of using dry steam was ascertained by actual experiments to be equal to a saving of about 30 per cent.

SMALL-POX—IS THIS A FACT?—A gentlemen of intelligence and observation informs us, from all the information he can obtain from medical men, now having many cases of small-pox under treatment, that there is no house in the city where gas is burned, of the ordinary consumption, in which the disease has yet found lodgment. The gas, it is supposed, is a powerful disinfectant, and hence there is no contagion within the circle of its influence. He says that a person burning gas may contract the disease abroad and take it home with him, but it will not be communicated to any other member of his family.—*St. John's Morning News.*

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A CAT.—One day last week a man named Stephen Hamel, of Cincinnati, endeavored to drive some cats from a garret, and struck one of them several blows with a stick, when suddenly the cat leaped upon him with the ferocity of a tiger, and before he could free himself from its grasp, scratched and bit him about the face in a terrible manner. The next day he grew delirious, and his head swelled up to twice its natural size. In this condition he lingered till the 17th ult., when death came to his relief.

BALLASTING A CHAISE.—The Cape Ann, Mass., Advertiser says it is not often that it is found necessary to take in ballast for a land voyage to Essex, but during the high wind of Friday last, David Choate, Esq., of Essex, found that he must do so, or his chaise would be blown over. Consequently he arrived at Essex with two great rocks of some two hundred pounds weight in the bottom of his chaise.

THE youthful widow of Oliver Brown, the son of John Brown, killed at Harper's Ferry, gave birth to a daughter, at North Elba, N. Y., on the 3d, but the child of sorrow lived only three days.

RAILWAY ACROSS THE ANDES.—At the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, a paper was read by the Secretary, Mr. William Wheelwright, on a proposed "Railway across the Andes." That gentleman has been engaged for a series of years in an examination of the country in reference to the project of uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific, through South America, and has concluded that it could be accomplished through the pass of San Francisco. The road would be one thousand miles in length, and would have to overcome an elevation of sixteen thousand feet. The route has been surveyed and found to be practicable, by a corps of competent engineers, who have estimated the cost of its construction at £6,000 per mile. The gradients would not reach five hundred feet per mile. A large amount of land required has been ceded by the Argentine Confederation.

REV. T. L. HARRIS AND SPIRITUALISM.—The Spiritual Magazine, published in London on the 1st of February, denies the truth of the story that Mr. Harris is a seceder from Spiritualism, and has assailed it in his discourses in England. The story would seem to have originated in a report of one of his discourses by the London Morning Advertiser, in respect to which the Magazine says, that "the delinquent writer entirely misrepresented the purport and statements of the discourse, and that he amusingly erred in treating Mr. Harris as a seceder from the holy cause." The Magazine also announces that Mr. Harris is lecturing to the Spiritualists of London twice every Sunday, at the Marylebone Institute, in Edward street, Portman Square.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is in Milan gathering material for a new biography of Garibaldi.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	103	—
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	103	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	10-½
" " new	103½	104
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	76	—
" " coupon	85	86
All'gy County 6 pr ct	65	70
" County —	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	92	92½
Tenn 6 "	91¾	92
" 5 " coupon	77½	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	69½	—
Ohio " 1860	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	99½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91¼	91
N Y City, 6's-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	138	—
Philadelphia	118½	119
Far & Mec	56½	57
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	29½	27
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	64	65
Girard	46	—
Western	54	—
Man & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	23	—
Commonwealth	25½	27
Corn Exchange	30½	—
Germantown	—	60
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange	60	—
Kentucky, Ky	112	—
Northern "	114	—
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	65½	67
Planters "	—	109
N O Gas Light	160	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	9	9¾
Washington Gas & Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	—	—
N Libertiee Gas	—	20½
Southwark and Frankford R R	50	51
Bonds	85	87

	Bid.	Asked
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR	—	57½
2nd "	83	83½
3rd "	34	34½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1894	—	95
" stock	—	129
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	92
mort 6's '44	—	95
" '86	70½	71½
" stock	20½	20¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88	90
" stock	42	44
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	32	33
6 pr ct loan, '60	95½	—
Chas Val R R, '75	76	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	76
2nd "	11½	13
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	53	50
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	88½	89½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	51½	52
6 pr ct loan	99	102½
Minehill R R	57½	58
Har & Lan R R stock	56	58½
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	16
Long Island R R stock	11½	11½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	90½	—
Michigan Central	47¾	48½
Illinois "	97½	—
Michigan Southern	17¾	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '92	—	71
imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	7	7¼
preferred	16½	16¾
Lehigh Nav stock	50½	52
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	28	—
Morris Consol'd	51½	52
preferred	105	107
Ches & Del bonds	40	—
	72	—
Union bonds	1	—
	—	28
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1878	21	3
	27	29

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Feb. 25, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
DELAWARE	
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
NEW YORK.	
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	
MAINE.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
VERMONT.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks ¼ dis	
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ¾ to 1½ dis	
GEORGIA.	
olv bks ¾ dis	

SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ¾ dis	
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks 1 to 2½ dis	
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks uncertain	
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	
OHIO.	
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis	
INDIANA.	
State bank 1 to 1½ dis	
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks 3½ dis	
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks 2 to 3 dis	
TENNESSEE.	
Old bks 1½ to 2½ dis	
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks 3½ dis	
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis	
CANADA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 25.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour buoyant—6500 bbls sold; State $5,15@5,25; Ohio unchanged; Southern $5,55@5,75. Wheat buoyant—15,000 bus sold; white Western 150c; Milwaukee Club 123@125c. Corn buoyant; 10,000 bus sold at 80@83c. Pork firm; new Mess $15,40@18,50; Mess unchanged. Lard steady at 10¾@11¼c. Whiskey dull at 23½c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

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FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
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S. W. PEASE & CO., 26 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
E. P. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

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From the Providence Advertiser.

The foreign and domestic demand for Perry Davis & Son's great medicine—the Pain Killer—was never before so large as it has been of late; and we think the time has arrived when the declaration may be made, without the possibility of refutation, that the city of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, of the United States of America, has furnished the entire habitable globe with a medicine, which, in point of universality of demand, extent of usefulness, complete efficiency for all the purposes for which it is designed, and widespread, enduring popularity, has never been equalled by any general patented medicine invented and issued either in Europe or America.

The universality of the demand for the Pain Killer is a novel, interesting, and surprising feature in the history of this medicine. It is now regularly packed, sent and sold, in large and *steadily increasing* quantities, not only to every State and Territory of the Union, and every Province of British America, but to Buenos Ayres, Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, Chili and other South American States; to the Sandwich Islands; to Cuba and other West India Islands; to England and Continental Europe; to Mozambique, Madagascar, Zanzibar and other African lands; to Australia, Singapore, Mauritius, and to Calcutta, Rangoon and other places in India: it has also been sent to China, and we doubt if there is any foreign port that is frequented by American missionaries, travellers or traders, into which the Pain Killer has not been introduced and been sought after by the people. Very few people have any idea of the vast amount of business done by the proprietors of the Pain Killer.

The extent of its usefulness is another great feature of this remarkable medicine. It is not only the best ever known for bruises, cuts, burns, &c., but for dysentery or cholera, or any sort of bowel complaint, it is a remedy unsurpassed for efficacy and rapidity of action. In the several great cities of British India, and in the West India Islands, and other hot climates, it has become *the standard medicine* for all such complaints, as well as for dyspepsia, liver complaints, and other kindred disorders. For coughs and colds, canker, asthma, and rheumatic difficulties, it has been proved by the most abundant and convincing trials, and testimony, to be an invaluable medicine. The proprietors are in possession of letters from persons of the highest character and responsibility, testifying, in unequivocal terms, to the cures effected, and the satisfactory results produced, in an almost endless variety of cases, by the use of this great medicine.

We are fully justified in saying that no medicine has ever gained a popularity so strong, so extensive and so enduring. Other preparations, in imitation *of it, and containing some of* the ingredients composing it, have, by means of extravagant advertising and deceptive statements, gained a short lived patronage; but their inefficacy and worthlessness have soon become apparent, and they have proved disastrous speculations to their originators and proprietors. The Pain Killer alone has been found the reliable and sure cure for the complaints and casualties for which it is designed. Its reputation is enduring, and a fortune to its worthy proprietors; and we may add that they are, in every sense of the word, worthy men and citizens. No men make a better use of their large means, and none are more truly generous and benevolent. No one, that we are aware of, envies them their good fortune, for it is believed that they have well deserved it.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of Feb. by the Rev. John Edwards, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. WILLIAM J. FRASHER, to Miss LOUISA CARTER, all of Willow Grove, Kent county, Del.

On Tuesday, Feb. 21st, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, by the Right Rev. Saml. Bowman, D. D., E. BOWMAN MINER, M. D. of Wilkesbarre, Pa. to JERUSHA LINDSLEY, of Lindsley, Steuben county, New York.

On the morning of the 15th ultimo, at Christ Church, Woodbury, N. J. by the Rev. Wm. Herbert Norris, DAVID COOPER, to ELIZABETH W. daughter of Wm. Kay.

On the evening of Feb. 16th, at eight o'clock, by the Rev. Henry M. Stuart, at All Saints' Church, Mr. GREENWOOD SMITH, to Miss HANNAH D. FRY, both of this city

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Maxwell, DANIEL M. PARSONS, to Miss AMANDA NICHOLSON, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Saml. Dorborow, ROBERT METZ, to ELIZA J. CULIN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Monday, the 20th ultimo, EDWARD HALLOWELL, M. D. aged 51 years.

At Chestnut Hill, on Tuesday morning, Feb. 21st, MARY C. only daughter of Francis N. and Jane E. Buck, in her 25th year.

On the 21st ultimo, CATHARINE LOUISA, wife of Isaac Koons, in her 60th year.

On Monday, the 20th ultimo, ANN, wife of Wm. McKee. New York papers please copy.

On the 19th ultimo, JAMES ALGEO, aged 67 years.

At Hotel d'Orient, Cairo, Egypt, on the 24th of Jan. last, LEWIS G. OSBOURN, of the late firm of Waterman, Osbourn & Co., of this city, in his 45th year.

On the 16th ultimo, JOSEPH A. C. BURDICK, in his 41st year.

On the 19th ultimo, after a lingering illness, WILLIAM C. DANIELS, in his 34th year.

On the 18th ultimo, Miss SARAH ANDERSON, aged 78 years.

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Wit and Humor.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

In endeavoring to take the census for the government, the marshals occasionally met with such difficulties as well nigh to deprive them of their own senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place in Canal street:—

"Who is the head of this family?"

"That depends upon circumstances. If before 11 o'clock, it's me husband—if afther 11, it's meself."

"Why this division?"

"Because, afther that hour, he's dhrunk as a piper, and unable to take care of himself, let alone his family."

"What is his age?"

"Coming nixt Michselmas he will lack a month of being as owld as Finnegan. You know Finnegan?"

"No, I don't know Finnegan; and if I did it would not help matters. Is your husband an alien?"

"Och, thin he's ailing intirely. He has rheumatics worse than owld Donnelly, who was tied double with them."

"How many male members have you in the family?"

"Nivir a one."

"What, no boys at all?"

"Boys is it? Ah, murther, go home. We have boys enough to whip four loaves for breakfast."

"When were you married?"

"The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Ameriky. Ah, well I mind it. A sunshinier day nivar gilded the sky of owld Ireland."

"What was the condition of your husband before marriage?"

"Divil a man more miserable. He said if I did not give him a promise within two weeks, he'd blow his brains out with a crow-bar."

"What was he at the time of your marriage, a widower or a bachelor?"

"A which! A widower, did you say? Ah, now go way wid your nonsense. Is't the likes of me that would take up with a second-hand husband? Do I look like the wife of a widower? A poor divil all legs and consumption, like a sick turkey. A widower! May I never be blessed if I'd not rather live an owld maid, and bring up a family on buttermilk and 'praties."

Here the dialogue finished up, the marshal coming to the conclusion that he could "make mors" next door. Whether he did we will probably know at some future time.

A CORONER AS KNEW THE LAW.—The office of coroner, in most of our inland counties, is almost entirely useless. Hence there is seldom a contention, and never a "*spirited* canvass" for the office; but he who happens to be named in connection with that position on the day of election is almost sure to receive the honor.—Like most of the other counties, ours has a coroner, who, in accordance with the above facts, was elected last year. His first (I believe his only) case was that of a poor deluded creature who loved whiskey "not wisely, but too well;" and who, in a fit of apoplexy or delirium, either fell or threw himself into a creek, where he was found in a few minutes after. Every effort—such as turning, rolling, and rubbing—was resorted to to resuscitate him, but all to no effect; and though there were warm spots on his body, he obstinately and persistingly refused to be brought to life. Death seemingly held his gripe.

At length the coroner's jury was summoned, the facts elicited, and the verdict rendered.—At the instance of the coroner, and under his supervision, a rude coffin had been constructed, into which the body was thrust, and over which a top was nailed. Some who were present thought they recognized some signs of returning life, and insisted on removing the coffin lid to use further remedies. But they met with a stern rebuff. Raising himself to his full height, the coroner said,

"Gentlemen, *I'm* the officer! The verdic' has been give; that man is sealed up; *he's dead in the eye of the law. Now touch him if you dar!*"

They "left him alone in his glory."

COULD NOT HAVE THE GOSPEL FOR THE FOXES.—That was a novel but not so bad an argument which the mountain member urged in the Kentucky Legislature:—

A few years ago a bill proposing a premium on fox-scalps was under discussion. It had been somewhat roughly handled in debate by members from the more populous regions, where foxes were scarce, and Mr. L———, from one of the mountain counties, rose to reply. I give only his peroration:—"And are we, Mr. Speaker—we of the mountain regions—not only to witness the annual destruction of our crops, but actually to be deprived by these varmints of the *consolations of religion?*" This woke the House up, and set it agape for an explanation. He continued:—"You know, Mr. Speaker, that we live in a rough country; that your fancy churches—your Presbyterians and Episcopalians—never send preachers among us. We depend for the Gospel upon the circuit-riders of the Methodist church; and sir, everybody knows that they cannot be induced to travel where there are no chickens, and that chickens cannot be raised where foxes abound!" The argument was unanswerable, and the bill became a law.

A LESSON FOR THE LADIES.—A gentleman who had often been annoyed by waiting a long time for the making of the toilet of those ladies he had escorted to balls, was recently invited by one of the ladies to attend the recent Leap Year Ball at Hyannis. The lady called for him at the appointed hour, but he was "not quite ready." Our lady friend was ushered into the parlor, and had the pleasure of waiting until nearly ten o'clock for the gentleman to "dress." The joke was kindly taken, but was so well done that the fame thereof had extended to almost every person in the ball-room in the course of the next hour. Not a few were the jokes and repartees exchanged, and all said that our gentlemanly friend had "done the thing brown."—*Barnstable Patriot.*

ANECDOTE OF ELDER LELAND.—On one occasion the Elder suspended his sermon in its midst, and announced to his drowsy congregation that he was about to tell a story. Half a hundred sleepy eyes were rubbed open, and he commenced with the following startling announcement:

"I made a pair of shoes this morning before I left home!" A pause long enough for the exchange of wondering glances and whispered "guesses." "And how do you think I made them, and what do you think I made them for? I told my boy early this morning, to go to the pasture, near a mile away, to catch my horse; and when he got ready to go, I found he had no shoes. I knew he couldn't go bare-footed through two stubble-fields and a thistly, stony, hill-side sheep lot without cutting his feet all to pieces, and so I took a pair of my old boots and cut off the tops; I slit down the insteps, made some holes in each side of the slits, cut some strings from pieces of the leather to lace them with, and my boy put them on and said they were a capital pair of shoes, and would last him all summer. That's the way I made a pair of shoes, and any of you can do the same thing, only it should never be done on the Sabbath, save as a work of necessity."

Having finished his story, and his audience being, by that time, extremely wide awake, the Elder went on with his sermon.

WHAT AILED HIM.—The last number of the Knickerbocker has a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated and disturb his wife the whole night. Upon his being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the charge, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof.

"Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said,

"'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act strangely!'

"'There's nothing the matter with me,' said I, 'nothing at all.'

"'I'm sure there is,' said she, 'you don't act natural at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?'

"And she got up, lighted a candle and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand.

"'I knew there was something strange about you,' said she, 'why! *you are sober.*'

"Now, this is a fact and my wife will swear to it, so don't you slander me any more by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have."

A SHORT CUT AND A SHARP ANSWER.—In the memorial of the Montgomerys, Earls of Eglington, vol. I., p. 134, occurs an anecdote of an idiot, illustrative of the peculiar acuteness and quaint humor which occasionally mark the sayings of the class. There was a certain "Daft Will Speir," who was a privileged haunter of Eglington Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the Earl one day taking a near cut, and crossing a fence in the demesne. The Earl called out, "*Come back, sir; that's* not the road." "Do ye ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun!" "No," replied his lordship. "*Well, hae the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no!*"—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

EARLY RISING.—"He who will thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for if

He who will thrive must rise at five,

it must follow *a fortiori*,

He who'd thrive more, must rise at four;

and it would ensue *a fortissimo*, that

He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would outdo,
Will rouse him at the stroke of two

and, by way of climax to the whole, it should hold good that,

Who would never be outdone
Must ever rise as soon as one;

while, it should be added, as a sort of grand climacteric, to clinch the whole:

He who would be thriving quite,
Must needs sit up the live-long night.

BY WHOM THE LIGHTING OF STREETS BY GAS WAS OPPOSED.—Street gas-lighting had a hard day of it once, when a committee of the Royal Society, appointed by government, met to decide on its merits. It was almost hunted to the death then, and tossed over to the kites and crows. Brougham, Davy, Wollaston, and Watt, were all dead against the possibility of such a plan. Brougham bitterly ridiculed Accum the chemist, and one of the upholders and believers in the idea; and Sir Humphrey Davy asked, with a scientific sneer, if the dome of St. Paul's were to be taken as a gasometer! Frederick Albert Winsor and his scheme stood their ground; and after the due and proper amount of badgering which such an innovation must expect, the point was gained, and London was lighted with gas. This was in 1825; though the first triumphant experiment of lighting St. James's Park had been made three years earlier, namely, 1822.

HOP, STEP, AND JUMP.—At standing hop-step-and-jump, level ground, ten yards is good—eleven excellent—and twelve the extent of any man's tether. We have heard of thirteen, but do not believe it. With a run, thirteen yards is good, fourteen great, and fifteen prodigious. Perhaps there are not six authenticated cases on record of fifteen being done on level ground, and by actual admeasurement. All guess-work exploits shrivel up a good yard, or sometimes two, when brought to the measure, and the champion of the country dwindles into a clumsy clodhopper. Ireland, it is said, did sixteen yards on Knavesmire before he was known to the world; and indeed was noticed by some Londoners on that occasion, and brought forward at the amphitheatre. He was the best leaper, both high and far, that ever jumped in England; and take him for all in all, it is certain we shall never look upon his like again.—*Professor Wilson.*

☞ To Adam and Eve, Paradise was home; to the good among their descendants, home is Paradise.

SCENE AT A BALL.

FIRST ELEGANT CREATURE.—"A—don't you dance, Charles?"

SECOND DITTO DITTO.—"A—no—not at pwesent! I always let the girls look, and long for me first!"

Agricultural.

A WORD ABOUT FENCES.

The subject of fences is well worth considering, and farmers might often save themselves much labor and expense by devoting to it a little of their attention. In New England, we use almost entirely either wooden fences or stone walls. In Holland they use ditches and canals for the same purpose; in England, hedges. For other parts of Europe, as a general thing, the fields are not fenced at all. Cattle, sheep, swine, &c., that are not kept up and fed, are always attended by shepherds or herdsmen, either in the sterile regions, given up chiefly to pasturage, or about the woods, and skirting the cultivated fields. Hedges and walls of stone masonry are sometimes seen; but rarely any other kind of fences. The boundary of the fields are marked, where they need to be, with lines of trees. So the traveller sees the delightful prospect beautified in France *with rows of plum-like Lombardy* poplar, in Belgium with the elm, and in Italy with either the elm, the silk producing mulberry, or the *fruitful olive. In Ireland they sometimes use a fence* different from either of these mentioned, and which is sufficiently cheap, efficient, and beautiful in appearance to deserve a trial in New England. All our knowledge of the subject has been derived from an intelligent and hard-working son of Erin, who is only a few years from the Emerald Isle. The fence is a mound of earth, about three feet wide upon the ground, three feet high, one foot or more wide at the top, with a ditch one foot deep on each side. The whole is kept firmly together with vigorous green sward, and makes an effective fence of four feet. Pat says it will stand forever, for it does in Ireland, where he has seen it. It can be made wider and higher, if desired. The mode of construction is, first to mark out the width upon the ground. Any locality is suitable, either on high ground or low, where there is to be found a good turf or green sward. Outside the base cut the turf up thick, and put it along on each outer edge of the foundation, grass side down, and fill up with earth in the middle. Then put another row of turf on the outer edge of the first, on each side, edgewise, with the grass side out, and sloping in, so as to draw the mound nearer together at the top. Fill up with earth again, putting it in as compactly as convenient.—Then put another row of turf, flat, grass side down, on each outer edge, to bind the work together. Then other rows edgewise and slanting. Then fill up again, and so on, till the fence is raised to the proper height. Usually three or four courses of inclined turf are necessary. The top is finished with a ridge in the middle, and a turf cut thin to cover it like a roof. In Ireland they often plant a kind of small bushes that help to hold the fence together with their roots, and add to its picturesque appearance. The mound alone makes a very neat and pretty fence, and so far has succeeded well after one or two years trial. Specimens of it may be seen upon the land of Thomas Chesly, of Lee, in this State, and upon the land of the Hon. Stephen Demeritt, in Durham. Irish laborers put it up, four feet wide and four feet high, for fifty cents per rod.

Farmers will certainly benefit themselves and their neighbors, if they will exercise a little of their skill and good judgment on this subject, and show by experiment what can be done in the way of securing a substantial, cheap and tasteful fence.—Prof. J. S. WOODMAN, *in Granite Farmer.*

KEEPING HORSES' FEET AND LEGS IN ORDER.—"If I were asked to account for my horses' legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbors', I should attribute it to the four following circumstances: First, that they are all shod with few nails, so placed in the shoe as to permit the foot to expand every time they move; second, that they all live in boxes, instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please; third, that they have two hours daily walking exercise when they are not at work; and fourth, that I have not a head-stall or rack-chain in my stall. These four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horses' legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to a good old age."—*Miles.*

CRANBERRIES.

It is to be regretted so few cultivators of the soil pay attention to growing cranberries, when such large profits might be derived from their culture. They can be raised from the seed, but will be two or three years later in coming to perfection, than by transplanting them.

The plants can be set at any time of the year, if the ground is moist and not frozen; but perhaps June is the best month for planting and setting. The vines will grow without any roots if the soil is moist enough—will do well on low or upland, will flourish on almost any soil except such as will bake. A light peaty porous soil is best. They overrun grass and weeds when planted in the sod, but they want time to do it.

If possible, the ground should be cleared of weeds, and the surface smoothed by ploughing, scarifying, harrowing, or any other good way, in the time of the year when it can best be done, for any paying business is worth doing well. Then procure the best and largest variety of the cranberry possible, set them about twenty inches apart each way, and, if the weeds are kept down they will cover the ground in three years, after which they will require very little but harvesting.

The finest and best kinds of cranberries can be procured of men who are cultivating the same, yet they have taken theirs from the wild bogs where they flourish in a state of nature, throwing the poorest away and saving all the best varieties. They will grow on such land as they have in southern Ohio; or the State of Illinois will force them to perfection; Indiana would yield five hundred per cent. on the investment; Iowa could afford the luxury of cranberries and be paid ten times, before one instalment could possibly be realized from the culture of fruits. Get the upland cranberry and go ahead.—*Baltimore Sun.*

WHY PORK SHRINKS IN THE POT.

An "Old Farmer" gives in the Homestead, the various notions on this question, and closes with his own views on the subject, which we condense below for our readers.

Store hogs kept low in flesh in summer and autumn, and then fully fed when shut up for fattening, will gain fast, appear to be doing well, and look well when dressed, but will weigh light, and *boiling* will prove the flesh to be *puffy*; the little cells of which the meat seems to be composed, are filled with gelatinous matter, which has not had time to become hard and firm—it is partly soluble in boiling water; hence the pork *shrinks* in the pot. The same kind of pork results from feeding hogs on mostly animal food, as at slaughter houses, and from irregular feeding, or from killing sows when in heat.

To produce pork that will not shrink in the pot, the writer says he first has a good breed; they are never allowed to fall off in condition from the start they get with their mother's milk, and never know stint nor stunt while alive. Early in autumn he takes them up in high order, and begins to fat them, increasing their rations of grain till they are *fat and ready to kill.* Then he feeds them one week more, and makes due preparations for butchering, which is done early in the day by good hands. When thoroughly cooled, cuts up and salts down, (not allowing his pork to freeze,) using plenty of the best salt, and filling up the barrels with brine, and not with water, as some do. This method secures pork, white, firm, compact and almost as solid as marble, which when well cooked will be tender, juicy, melting and delicious, never shrinking in the pot.

SOAKING SEEDS BEFORE SOWING.—This practice is not as extensively adopted in this country as it might be with advantage both for the farm and the garden. In this respect we are far behind a people whom we are apt to regard with feelings nearly approaching to contempt. There are few, probably, either in England or this country, who are not disposed to think themselves much superior to the Chinese, and yet, in one respect at least, we think they are much in advance of most farmers in either England or America. Liebig states, in his "Letters on Modern Agriculture," that no Chinese farmer sows a seed before it has been soaked in liquid manure diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and that experience has taught him that this operation tends not only to promote the more rapid and vigorous growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the ravages of worms and insects.

There would be not only some trouble but some inconveniences also in the adoption of this practice on an extensive scale; but we are pretty confident, notwithstanding, that those who commence it on a small scale, will find it productive of advantage enough to induce them to extend their operations. We may suggest that we have, on more than one occasion, been informed by one of our correspondents, that he makes much use of hen manure in water as a soak for his seeds.—*Country Gentleman.*

SLABBERING IN HORSES.—All grazing animals, and the human species are, at times, troubled with it, and the cause is probably very simple, and the remedy should be so. In a healthy state, the stomach of all animals abounds with a due proportion of acids and alkalies, which aid in forming the gastric juice, which dissolves and digests the food.—When acid too much prevails, it deranges digestion and causes too much moisture in the stomach. All that is wanting for a cure is alkali and carbon to neutralize or absorb the excess of acids. Give the horse, in his feed, about half a pint of pulverized charcoal one day, and soot the next, and he will soon be well. The charcoal absorbs acid, and carries it off. Soot neutralizes acid. The operations of the two will restore the gastric juice, and then all will be well. We have several alkalies besides what may be in soot, but none so safe as in soot, for any quantity given will not hurt the stomach. Slabbering in horses is undoubtedly caused by some improper thing eaten.—*Boston Cultivator.*

SAWDUST FOR MANURE.—The Commercial Bulletin, as quoted by the New England Farmer, contains a statement of the successful use of sawdust, in substance as follows:—The stable floor was covered three or four inches deep with dry sawdust, and over this, coarse litter as additional bedding. The litter was daily thrown out and replaced, or so much of it as was necessary. The whole was cleaned out once a week. The sawdust so thoroughly absorbed all liquids, that on throwing it out, the floor of the stable was left perfectly dry. In the spring, the shed, into which all was thrown, contained 148 large ox-loads—from the sawdust 70 loads, and muck 20 loads. "The crop of corn, to which it was applied, fully responded to the treatment" it thus received.

Useful Receipts.

A BONED TURKEY.—For this purpose you must have a fine, large, tender turkey; and after it is drawn, and washed and wiped dry, lay it on a clean table, and take a very sharp knife, with a narrow blade and point. Begin at the neck, then go round the shoulders and wings, carefully separate the flesh from the bone, scraping it down as you proceed.—Next loosen the flesh from the breast, and back, and body; and then from the thighs. It requires care and patience to do it nicely, and to avoid tearing or breaking the skin. The knife should always penetrate quite to the bone, scraping loose the flesh rather than cutting it. When all the flesh is completely loosened, take the turkey by the neck, give it a pull, and the whole skeleton will come out entire from the flesh, as easily as you draw your hand out of a glove. The flesh will then fall down a flat and shapeless mass.

With a small needle and thread carefully sew up any holes that have accidentally been torn in the skin. Have ready a large quantity of stuffing made of bread, butter and eggs, seasoned to the taste, with sweet marjoram, sage, parsley, onions or shalots, mix the whole together. With this filling, proceed to stuff the turkey; fill full every part and then sew up the body. And with spit, skewers and tape, put the turkey in its usual shape.

Bake three hours or more, basting it occasionally with sweet butter. Make a gravy of the giblets, chopped and stewed, add the dripping of the turkey, (skim off the fat), enrich it with a glass of white wine and beaten yolks of eggs, stirred in just before you take it from the fire. Large fowls may be dressed as above, also a young pig.

SEWING BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.—Persons whose vision is somewhat defective can sew white cloth by candle-light, but they are unable to perform the same operation with black cloth. The following plan, however, affords a partial remedy:—Pin or baste a strip of white paper on the seam of the black cloth to be operated upon, then sew through the paper and cloth, and when the seam is completed the paper may be torn off. The black thread will be distinctly seen on the white paper, and by drawing the stitches a little tighter than usual, good work will be produced. This method is well adapted for sewing by machinery as well as by hand.—*Scientific American.*

RUST.—Ink and iron rust removed by dipping the article in milk, then covering it with salt, or dip your article in tallow.—*Mrs. Hall.*

RESTORING THE LUSTRE TO SILK.—Having a recipe which I have found good, I cheerfully submit it: Peel and grate two good-sized potatoes into a pint of warm water; when settled pour off the liquid, sponge the silk on the right side, and iron on the wrong. I think this will be found satisfactory.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ GALLIC MODESTY.—M. Granier de Cassagnac in a late number of *Le Pays*, in reference to the Papal question, says:—

"Speaking absolutely, God has no need of anybody; but for the last fourteen centuries he has always thought it useful to employ France for the accomplishment of his designs."

☞ Perfectly truthful men, of very vivid imagination, and great force of sentiment, often feel so warmly, and express themselves so strongly, as to give what they say and write a disagreeable air of exaggeration, and almost of falsehood.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 99 letters.

My 67, 77, 18, 33, 83, the goddess of fire.
My 67, 83, 25, 10, 99, the goddess of love.
My 67, 36, 73, 95, 56, 3, 71, 46, 30, a god of little infants.
My 5, 12, 60, 97, 88, 90, goddess of the sea.
My 49, 6, 65, 82, 48, 79, goddess of justice.
My 20, 68, 84, 15, 62, 22, the god of dread and fear.
My 13, 59, 96, 82, 40, 37, 2, 32, the god of boundaries.
My 33, 91, 75, 31, 49, 24, a goddess of silence.
My 29, 58, 70, 76, 55, a nuptial goddess.
My 78, 54, 61, 5, 66, a goddess of married persons.
My 18, 7, 40, 19, goddess of corn.
My 57, 21, 48, 14, 90, a goddess of grown persons.
My 28, 4, 82, 27, 3, 87, the goddess of fruits and autumn.
My 28, 51, 20, 64, 43, a goddess of eloquence.
My 47, 60, 92, god of shepherds.
My 69, 83, 50, 25, 40, 66, the goddess of funeral songs.
My 82, 74, 54, 47, 98, 42, 10, 30, god of dreams.
My 1, 21, 67, 34, 23, 56, 35, goddess of youths.
My 81, 24, 82, 70, the goddess of report.
My 45, 2, 23, 16, 37, 14, 99, guardian angels of women.
My 44, 48, 38, 31, 58, 30, a god of treaties.
My 41, 34, 94, 85, 21, 9, a goddess of purification.
My 24, 71, 52, 7, 53, 80, 3, 9, the goddess of silence.
My 17, 14, 35, 74, 3, 40, 70, a goddess of woods.
My 63, 66, 10, 3, 18, rural gods.
My 8, 40, 55, 23, 19, goddess of hunting.
My 88, 70, 61, 11, 7, 18, a river of India with golden sands.
My 26, 31, 40, a title of Pluto.
My 23, 4, 72, 16, 3, 9, a forest in Chaonia sacred to Jupiter.
My 58, 68, 39, 28, 54, the resort of the gods.
My whole was the wife of one of the most famous of the gods. P. L. GREEN.

Conneaut, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 4, 10, 6, 12, is a coin.
My 2, 3, 13, 7, cooks the turkey.
My 14, 13, 9, 3, is a road.
My 12, 8, 11, is a metal.
My 4, 5, 13, 1, is a garment.
My whole is a Philadelphia hotel. COMET.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Twas autumn—the leaves in the grove
Rustled mournfully on the trees;
And slowly my first, o'er hill and vale,
Moved gently on the passing breeze.

When brightly shines the Summer's sun,
And robins sing with joy and pride,
'Tis pleasant to sit beside my next,
Where the murmuring waters glide.

A calm was on the mighty deep,
The ship upon her way scarce moved,
When the mariner thought he land espied—
Almost to be my whole it proved.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

CHARADE.

My first, which horses learn by art,
They practise on the road or heath;
My second is the sexton's part,
And he performs it underneath;
My whole, in Kent though it be found,
Has half of England in its bound.

ANAGRAMS.

On Counties in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Lot Bat.	Moss Pan.
Rams Hall.	Tall Nat.
Dun Lip.	Our Cat.
Not Gas.	Wet Star.
Slag ten.	On Martha.

Manchester, Ohio. ANNE CORA WILSON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain speculator purchased a small drove, composed of horses and oxen—numbering in all 20 head. He bought 2 more oxen for $100 than he did horses for $150, and he sold 3 more oxen for $230 than he did horses for $240. He received for the whole drove $780, and gained as much per cent. on the oxen as one horse cost him, and as much per cent. on the horses as one ox cost him.—Required, the number of each contained in the droves, the price per head he paid for them, and the price per head he sold them for?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The difference between the area of a certain triangle and a certain square is three square feet; and the side of the square added to 4, is equal to the shorter side of the triangle, and 1 added to the shorter side gives the second side; and 1 added to the second side gives the third side. Required the area of each? ANDREW J. TRAPP.

Hazel Hill, Mo.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When should an innkeeper visit an iron-foundry? Ans.—When he wants a bar made.—(Barmaid.)

☞ Why is it said it is better to have a bad wife than a good one? Ans.—Because they bring soonest to repentance.

☞ Why is an apothecary like a woodcock?—Ans.—Because he has a long bill.

☞ Why is the King of Persia like Christmas? Ans.—Because he is an enemy to Turkey.

☞ THE VERY WORST THAT WAS EVER ATTEMPTED.—What article of a lady's dress reminds one of theft? Ans.—A neck-ribbon (any cribbin'.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—The Surrender of Cornwallis. CHARADE.—Tartar. CHARADE.—Snap-dragon. ANAGRAMS.—Edwards, Lasalle, Madison, Menard, Sangamon, Bracken, Gibson, Overton, Ingham, Hotsprings. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—The cities C and D are 300 miles distant from each other. A travelled at the rate of two miles an hour, and B at the rate of three miles an hour. PROBLEM.—The oldest son will receive one acre as often as the second received 1½ acres, and as often as the youngest receives 1½ acres.